CLEMENT K. SHORTER
Yet Ah, that Spring
Should vanish with
the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-
scented manuscript
should close!
The nightingale that
in the branches sang,
Ah whence, & whither flown
again, who
knows?
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

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THE

REMAINS

OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE

REMAINS

OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S BOY,
RURAL TALES, &c.

How does the lustre of our father's virtues
(Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him)
Break out, and burn with more transcendent brightness!

CATO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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FOR THE EXCLUSIVE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY
OF MR. BLOOMFIELD;
AND PUBLISHED BY
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1824.

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Th.R.
B655R

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to dedicate this last of my dear Father's literary productions to your Grace, as a feeble expression of the gratitude of our family, for the kind patronage and condescending goodness we have so long experienced from yourself and your illustrious father.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and humble servant,

HANNAH BLOOMFIELD.

PREFACE.

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes, live their wonted fires.

GRAY.

THE poetical merits of Robert Bloomfield have been long established; and the public favour which attended his previous writings can leave no doubt as to the reception of the following Fragments. They are the gleanings of that rich harvest which in days gone by, afforded to many a luxurious treat; filling their hearts with rapture, and their eyes with delicious tears. On this account they must be welcome to his former admirers, who will immediately recognise in them the same sweetness, simplicity, and feeling,

which distinguished his earlier productions. Many of them, it is true, were not intended by their author to meet the public eye; and I hope this consideration will soften the asperity of criticism, should they be thought, in any way, inferior to their predecessors.

It may seem superfluous to attempt any comment on the poetry of Bloomfield. In the memoir and correspondence*, which I propose to publish, abundant testimonials of its excellence will be found, from the best judges and ablest critics of the age; but I cannot refrain from saying, that (take him for all in all) he has ever appeared to me, to be one of the most perfect poets of his day. Some, no doubt, have soared on bolder wings, or tuned their lyres to nobler themes:

* See also the Appendix to this volume, and a judicious critique in "The Metropolitan Literary Journal, No. 3."

but very few touch, with a hand so delicate, the finest sensibilities of the heart; or lead the affections, with such gentle force, to virtue and to happiness.

His pictures are drawn *directly* from nature; are *always just* and *true*, like the reflections of a polished mirror; while in other poets we frequently meet with dazzling and distorted images, which resemble the face of nature when viewed through a prism. Another excellence, peculiar to Bloomfield, is the extreme purity of his taste, which, considering his want of education, is really wonderful. This faculty in him was so nice and accurate, as to reject not only all gross and impure ideas, but all foreign and artificial ornaments.

His rural scenes are never infested with dryads, or fauns, or genii, or any other phantoms of foreign extraction; they are

also free from every taint of local superstition, and indeed from every thing else that has the least tendency to corrupt the taste, debase the mind, or demoralize the heart. Every thing is simple and unaffected; purely pastoral and truly English. Hence some have pronounced his poetry *tame**, and deficient in classical embellishment; but I much fear, that the tameness complained of, existed—not in the writer—but the reader, whose cold or vitiated taste might

* The most striking feature of Bloomfield's poetry is plain good sense. The vagaries of imagination are always, by him, restrained within the bounds of sober reason and solid judgment. Those who thought him incapable of lofty flights, knew nothing of his powers, and but little of his discretion. We may search in vain for finer specimens of the truly sublime, either in thought or language, than those contained in the fourteenth edition of the Farmer's Boy, page 90, lines 240 to 268, and in the third edition of the Banks of Wye, pages 21 and 22. Many more might be added.

require artificial stimulants, and not be able to relish the unsophisticated productions of truth and nature. No one indeed can fully appreciate his peculiar excellencies unless accustomed not only to rural scenes and rural manners, but to those *tranquil*, yet delightful *feelings* also, which arise from the innocence of rural employments*; in which there is little to distract the head or disturb the heart but the gentle pulsations of love.

The advantage which Bloomfield attained in this respect over most other poets, will be sensibly felt on comparison; and since it might seem invidious to compare him with cotemporaries, I would beg those who have any doubt on the subject, to compare the following beautiful description (in his "Banks

* Who, but an angler, could relish with *full zest* the *peculiar* merit of old Izaak Walton?

of Wye") of the practice of planting flowers on graves* with the "LYCIDAS" of Milton; a poem sufficiently like it in design to allow of such comparison. I would then ask them

* Here ivy'd fragments, lowering, throw
Broad shadows on the poor below,
Who, while they rest, and when they die,
Sleep on the rock-built shores of WYE.
To tread o'er nameless mounds of earth,
To muse upon departed worth,
To credit still the poor distress'd,
For feelings never half express'd,
Their hopes, their faith, their tender love,
Faith that sustain'd, and hope that strove,
Is sacred joy; to heave a sigh,
A debt to poor mortality.
Funereal rites are closed; 'tis done;
Ceased is the bell; the priest is gone;
What then if bust or stone denies
To catch the pensive loit'rer's eyes,
What course can poverty pursue?
What can the *poor* pretend to do?
O boast not, quarries, of your store;
Boast not, O man, of wealth or lore:
The flowers of nature here shall thrive,
Affection keep those flowers alive;

by which of these two effusions they felt their hearts most strongly affected,—affected

And they shall strike the melting heart,
Beyond the utmost power of art;
Planted on graves*, their stems entwine,
And every blossom is a line
Indelibly impress'd, that tends,
In more than language comprehends,
To teach us, in our solemn hours,
That we ourselves are dying flowers.
What if a father buried here
His earthly hope, his friend most dear,
His only child? Shall his dim eye,
At poverty's command, be dry?
No, he shall muse, and think, and pray,
And weep his tedious hours away;

* To the custom of scattering flowers over the graves of departed friends, David ap Gwillym beautifully alludes in one of his odes. "O, whilst thy season of flowers, and thy tender sprays thick of leaves remain, I will pluck the roses from the brakes, the flowerets of the meads, and gems of the wood; the vivid trefoil, beauties of the ground, and the gaily-smiling bloom of the verdant herbs, to be offered to the memory of a chief of fairest fame. Humbly will I lay them on the grave of Ivor."

On a grave in the church-yard at Hay, or The Hay, as it is commonly spoken, flowers had evidently been *planted*, but only one solitary sprig of sweet-briar had taken root.

with the most suitable and natural emotions? And as I cannot doubt what will be their

Or weave the song of woe to tell
How dear that child he loved so well.

MARY'S GRAVE.

No child have I left, I must wander alone,
No light-hearted Mary to sing as I go,
Nor loiter to gather bright flowers newly blown;
She delighted, sweet maid, in these emblems of woe.
Then the stream glided by her, or playfully boil'd
O'er its rock-bed unceasing, and still it flows free;
But her infant life was arrested, unsoil'd
As the dew-drop, when shook by the wing of the bee.

Sweet flowers were her treasures, and flowers shall be mine;
I bring them from Radnor's green hills to her grave:
Thus planted in anguish, oh let them entwine
O'er a heart once as gentle as Heav'n e'er gave.
Oh, the glance of her eye, when at mansions of wealth
I pointed, suspicious, and warn'd her of harm;

decision, I would again ask them to examine the *cause* of these emotions; and I think they will find, that in Milton, the object at which he aims (that is—to stir the gentle passions) is lost among those flourishes of fancy which "play round the head, but come not near the heart;" while Bloomfield, on the contrary, "sticks to his text" like a man of real feeling; and (to use

She smiled in content, 'midst the bloom of her
health,
And closer and closer still hung on my arm.

What boots it to tell of the sense she possess'd,
The fair buds of promise that mem'ry endears?
The mild dove, affection, was queen of her breast,
And I had her love, and her truth, and her tears;
She was mine. But she goes to the land of the good,
A change which I must, and yet dare not, de-
plore:
I 'll bear the rude shock like the oak of the wood,
But the green hills of Radnor will charm me
no more.

his own energy of expression) goes *point blank* to the heart*. He never stood in need of meretricious graces; his soul was full of tenderness and harmony; and, like the sweet warbler of the grove, he poured it all out in song. The writings of Bloomfield, considered in this point of view, and also with reference to their moral influence, appear to me like one of the great bulwarks of good taste, set up to defend our poetry against that tide of extravagance and nonsense, which keeps pouring in from every point of the compass.

But what has always been esteemed his highest excellence, is, that he never trifles with religion;—never treats the solemn ob-

* I hope I shall not be mistaken; I do not presume to compare these two poets *generally;* but only upon a *point* of TASTE, on a *peculiar* SUBJECT.

jects of it with freedom and levity. He regarded religion as a thing to be practised, not a thing to be prattled about*; and the prevailing aim of his writings was to fill the heart with that holy awe, which the silent contemplation of infinite goodness alone can inspire.

The merit of his works in this respect has been duly appreciated; they have been found to be fitted for all ages, conditions, and opinions. No one can read them without improvement, as well as delight; and I have been informed by persons who travel into every quarter of the country, that almost the only books they are frequently

* If any man among you seem to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart—this man's religion is vain.—St. James, chap. 1, ver. 26.

able to find, are the Bible and the poems of Bloomfield.

I am aware there is nothing either very new or very ingenious in the preceding remarks;—neither is there in the direction inscribed on a hand post, where the road diverges various ways;—and yet, if it serves to prevent mistakes, the clown, who sets up this simple contrivance, may render acceptable service to many a stranger who happens to journey that way.

The compositions of Mr. Bloomfield in prose, which are contained in these volumes, will,—I have no doubt,—also meet with a favourable reception. The journal of his tour down the river Wye will, I think, be found extremely interesting; not only as coming from Mr. Bloomfield's pen, and containing a more vivid description of the

charming scenery on its banks, than I have found in any other writer: but as being the original collection of images and reflections, which he afterwards transmuted into that beautiful and pathetic poem called "The Banks of Wye." The other pieces will be found to possess that sweetness, simplicity, and clearness of style, which forms the grace of his poetry, and the charm of his correspondence; and some of the moral reflections and critical notices, are I think valuable, as lessons of good feeling, and axioms of good taste.

In the preface to the "Farmer's Boy" a memoir was given of his early life, sufficient at that time to gratify curiosity, and to interest the public in his fate. Since that period, he has passed through twenty-three years of vicissitude and trouble; chequered

by the inconstancy of health, and the caprices of fortune. The general impression, no doubt, is, that Mr. B. was a very amiable and worthy man; but those few only who have shared his correspondence, who have enjoyed his confidence, who have witnessed his beneficence in prosperity, his patience in adversity, and the unbending dignity of his principles under the most afflicting trials,—these alone are able to form a just estimate of his moral worth, and to feel how useful it must be, to hold up such an example as a pattern to others. The virtues, however, of this excellent man did not protect him from the shafts of calumny; on a point too, which (though he never complained) must have wounded his sensitive heart, for it chilled the affection of some of his earliest friends. The world will learn with astonish-

ment, that Bloomfield has been traduced on the subject of religion!—Robert Bloomfield! —whose life was one pure and gentle stream of overflowing kindness;—in whose meek and quiet spirit there was "*indeed* no guile;" whose conversation and writings were ever filled with incentives to piety; and (if the expression is not too bold) whose very soul was composed of adoration and love! What can these adversaries of VIRTUE mean, when they *talk about* RELIGION, to which they themselves are the worst of enemies?—"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

I never in my life knew a man who fulfilled this divine precept so completely as Robert Bloomfield, in whom the afflicted

always found a ready advocate; the needy a liberal friend; and whose moral conduct, I solemnly believe, had not a stain.

The reader cannot fail to recollect that Bloomfield says of his boyish days,

"Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book;
There his first thoughts to nature's charms inclined,
Which stamp devotion on th' inquiring mind."

That this impression was never weakened is obvious, among a thousand other instances, from the following fragment found in his pocket after his death, and which there is reason to think was written only a short time before that event took place.

"It is the voice thou gav'st me, God of love!
And all I see and feel still bears thy sway;
And when the spring breaks forth in mead and grove,
Thou art *my* God! Thou art the God of May!"

It is surely needless to defend his character on this point, and since it is always loathsome to hunt home the slanderer to his den, I leave these erring spirits to the gratulation of their own feelings, and to the influence of that solemn admonition—"Go, and do thou likewise!"

There is one, however, whose attacks have been so cruel and so base, that no consideration ought to restrain me from exposing his conduct to the censure of mankind.

I owe it as a sacred duty to the memory of my departed friend—to the insulted feelings of his family—to the cause of genius and of virtue—and, above all, to my own respect for truth and justice. I will not condescend to name *the libeller of the dead!!* Let that duty be performed by him who

published the libel, which may be found in the Monthly Magazine for September, 1823.

In this abusive article, there is certainly *some* smoothness! and, more amazing still—a *little* truth!! It was *artfully* introduced to convey and conceal that malignity which would have been too offensive without it. But supposing the *whole* were true, how shall we find motives sufficiently strong to account for this posthumous insult? .... At a time too, when the lacerated feelings of an afflicted and destitute family, might have softened a heart of stone!! ..... But nothing, it seems, can soften those pitiless hearts which are blighted by rancour, or bloated with malice of twenty-three years' concoction! What a lamentable train of baleful circumstances must have combined, to form a disposition thus strange and hor-

rible! Humanity recoils at the contemplation of such a mind—and the tenderness of Charity withers away on finding no excuses but *these* for such wanton barbarity.—First, his envy as an author; secondly, his jealousy as a bookseller; thirdly, his unutterable regret at having missed a prize for want of taste to perceive its value*; fourthly, the *propriety* he might feel as a periodical pander, of saying something *new* on passing events; fifthly, the security (as he thought) of saying what he pleased concerning one *who could not reply;* sixthly, (but which in point of place should have stood first) his insolent contempt for the talents of the poor, and his fawning respect for the pockets of the rich.

* Supposing he really saw the MS. which *assertion* (as the reader will see in its proper place) I have every reason to disbelieve!

I should like to know how and why it has happened that these sarcasms and calumnies were never published till after the man's death? Surely there have been occasions as suitable for their production—though perhaps not quite so safe!

In the memoir and correspondence of Mr. Bloomfield, which it is intended to publish, the reader will find such authentic documents as must convince him—that either this libeller intends to deceive, or, has himself been imposed on by some other person which he mistook for Mr. Bloomfield—to whose appearance, character, and writings, his sarcasms are in no case applicable. But I do not think it necessary to anticipate this exposition—for whether deceived or deceiving, his cruelty to the family of the deceased remains just the same.

The public is aware, that Mr. Bloomfield's works, at one time, produced a very considerable income, and that he enjoyed the munificence of many benevolent friends.

" But who e'en of wealth shall make sure,
Since wealth to misfortune has bow'd;
—Long-cherish'd, untainted, and pure
The stream of his charity flow'd.
But all his resources gave way,
—O what could his feelings control?
What shall curb in the prosperous day
Th' excess of a generous soul?

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted—may lead to distress;
But the man whom Benevolence warms
Is an angel, who lives but to bless.
If ever man merited fame;
If ever man's failings went free;
Forget at the sound of his name,
' The meek Robert Bloomfield' was he*."

* Banks of Wye.

As his family, however, in consequence of great and unavoidable misfortunes, have been left in distress, a question has arisen, as to the prudent use of his finances. I hope to satisfy his friends upon this point, in a way which not only exempts him from blame, but reflects the brightest lustre upon his virtues.

The only error with which he can fairly be charged, is—that he gave bread to the orphan and the stranger, when no longer able to supply the wants of his own family*:

* This is literally true, in more instances than one; but one (for which I have often heard him blamed) deserves to be recorded, for the sake of humanity in general.

After Mr. Bloomfield had occasionally assisted the family of his brother George, for more than twenty years,—one of the sons, a steady, intelligent, kind-hearted lad, called on him in great distress. This youth had served his apprenticeship to a tinman

—but he is gone—and in the realms of mercy may find again the mite thus kindly be-

at Bury; and, finding no employment in that place, had sought it all over the country without success. At Gloucester he paid his last halfpenny as toll on entering that city, and proceeded to Burford, where he found employment for a few weeks. From thence he passed through Whitney, Oxford, and other places, with the same bad success as before. He came at length to his uncle, Robert Bloomfield, at Shefford, with only one farthing left. Here, in a day or two, he fell ill of a rheumatic fever, in consequence, as was supposed, of having been forced to sleep in the open field. He lost the use of his limbs, and in this condition Mr. Bloomfield maintained him fourteen months; at the end of which he was able to return to Bury, and obtained from his parish an allowance of four shillings per week.

After a few days, thinking himself capable of some exertion, he got a job; which, however, he was not able to perform. The parish officers learning that he was able to work, reduced his pay to two shillings per week, and upon this pittance he languished till his appearance excited the compassion of some humane persons, who interposed in his behalf,

stowed! may find it of more avail than heaps of idle wealth, to calm the trembling of his *silent* hopes, and plead for the failings of his *secret* prayers.

and procured for him an increase of three shillings per week. With this supposed relief they hastened to his assistance, but he died in about half an hour after its arrival.

I do not mean to infer that he died of starvation. His disease was an enlargement of the heart; but it is certain that he endured a great deal of suffering in addition to his bodily complaints; and surely it is melancholy to reflect how many worthy people, who are able and willing to work, are in similar situations. It is still more lamentable, if the generous and humane cannot assist one another in their distress, without incurring the blame, and perhaps exciting the scorn, of those

"To whom a guinea is a grain of sand."

EPITAPH ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Ask not—why humble Giles with fame was bless'd?
Why so much loved, respected, and caress'd?
Nor think that friendship's doubtful praise could
show
The measure of HIS worth—here cold and low!
But search his living lines; for there you 'll find
Such cloudless beamings of his spotless mind,
Such moral pictures, which his fancy drew,
As must inspire your love, and raise your virtues too!

J. WESTON.

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POETICAL FRAGMENTS.

The dead,—are like the stars by day;
—Though hid from mortal eye,
They're not extinct,—but hold their way
In glory through the sky.

MONTGOMERY.

POETICAL FRAGMENTS.

THE most early production of Mr. Bloomfield's muse, which I have yet been able to recover, is the following elegy.

Perhaps it may gratify the reader, and throw some light on the source of Mr. Bloomfield's poetical talent, to record the following scrap of family history, which seems to have occasioned this elegy.

Mr. George Bloomfield, in a letter to his brother, the author, expresses himself as follows:

EDITOR.

Bury, Sunday, Dec. 27, 1789.

DEAR ROBERT,

I WENT last Monday to Honington, and saw poor little Isaac interred. His head lies close up against the buttress of the chancel. If you remember, each corner of the chancel, is supported by a large brick buttress. He lies by that, at the front corner, close by the path, which leads from the little clap-gate to the porch. In digging his grave, they took up what time had left of the coffin, &c. of my brother John.

Isaac, lies beside his grandfather and grandmother, Glover. My mother seemed much hurt at his loss. My brother Isaac hinted, that my father and he, could easily work a small free-stone into the buttress, and said, you was the likeliest person in our family, to remember a suitable verse, if you had ever seen one,—or else to compose one. I have not brains enough to make a verse that will please myself. I think there

is difficulty in a verse of this sort, for such a youth as Isaac, for he cannot be said to have *any* character. He was the darling of his parents; was very sympathetic; a tale of woe produced the same effect on his mind, as on the mind of a woman. He would weep with whoever wept, and though his voice was *broke* to a soft base, which Isaac said bore a strong affinity to yours, and he had downy lips, and other marks of approaching manhood, yet, had he lived till March, he would but have reached his sixteenth year; which time, he lived at home with the most indulgent parents, and very lately with an old lady, as indulgent as they. It is certain that he was a total stranger to all the little hardships and neglects, which we meet with, or fancy we meet, when we first go to service, or apprentice; and as he died ere the strong passions had reached to maturity, I consider him (as his health was always precarious, and his constitution tender) in the same light as a choice flower, which, in the first opening of the bud, pro-

mised every thing that could be hoped or wished,—but which, owing to an innate weakness in the stem, though cultured with the utmost care, shrunk down and died, ere its symmetry of parts could be known; ere it had felt the blighting wind of poverty, or the mildew of disappointment! Now the readers of epitaphs, generally expect to find panegyrics, so that there would be but little danger of falling into a fault on that side; but I think, truth and propriety should be attended to, though it would certainly be better, to be blamed for too much praise, than for coldness. Mr. Pope stands first amongst our poets, for this kind of writing; but some of his epitaphs, which I have seen, did not please me; and, I believe, that if as great a poet as Pope, was to undertake to write an epitaph for this youth, he would find it impossible to please all. But I think it cannot be too short, not if it could be contained in two lines, and ought to be either *lamentation* for the deceased, or *caution*

to others; but *I*, am most for the *lamentable*.

The reason why I say so much about it, is, because Isaac asked my opinion. I thought, perhaps, you would have done the same, if you could have conversed with me on the subject. Besides, it is so lately that I was several times with him, having sat up three nights with him while on his death-bed.

He was ill but three weeks; had his senses till within a few hours of his dissolution. He often pulled me down to him, to kiss his trembling lips. His observations and discourse, in general, were surprisingly affecting; and it was easy to discover that he was loth to quit the stage, —and no wonder, for to use an expression of Nat's, "he was just of the right age, for golden ideas." Seeing him so often while in so much pain, and losing him at last, has left a gloomy impression on my mind. Under this impression I now write, and I know you will excuse my dwelling on a

subject, which seems so well to suit my present train of thinking; but I see I have but little room left, so must leave my favourite theme. I have wrote so little lately, that I am quite behind. Several letters of yours, ought to have had more particular answers, than what I gave them. One in particular, which now strikes me. It is that, in which you told me, you had resolved, not to go to Sapiston—till independent. I highly approve your resolution, but lament that necessity made me so much your hinderance. Pray give my love to Nat; tell him what he wrote last, pleased me extremely. On examining *why* I was pleased with it, I find it was, because it is just what I should have said to him, if we had each been in the situation of the other: tell him that a line or two, written in our old, open, sincere way, makes me think of days of yore, and makes me long to hear from him again.

GEORGE BLOOMFIELD.

[The following lines, written in 1789, on the death of my half-brother, Isaac Glover, who died at the age of sixteen, were almost lost to my friends, and entirely lost to my own memory;—but my sister having discovered them in an old pocket-book, has kindly transcribed them for me. I here write them verbatim, from her copy.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.]

ELEGY.

TELL me, my troubled soul, why dost thou live,
'Midst perishable dust, in worse than nought?
What is the joy—if earth a joy can give—
To make thy longer tarrying worth a thought?

Friendship thou lov'st; from God the cherub came
To link congenial souls, and bid them soar;—
Thy raptures spring from friendship's sacred flame,
Fair op'ning friendship,—and the *hope* of *more*.

Though fled his kindred spirit from my sight,
His cheering converse vibrates on my ear;
Though here he speaks no more, the silent night
Recalls each word, and seals it with a tear!

This, his cold bed? Heart, pour thy anguish forth,
While the pale moon-beams witness to thy truth;
O tell, if language can, his early worth—
Tell what *I* lost—when droop'd the gen'rous youth.

Affection cries—he virtue's paths had trod;
His mind wide opening, anxious to improve,
He wonder'd hourly at the works of God:
His soul was wisdom, and his heart was love.

Meekness and truth in every word he said,
Pity's soft tears would tremble in his eyes;
All gentle virtues, bless'd him while he staid;
And waft him from us, to their native skies.

TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW (CHURCH).

Wednesday-night, Dec. 28—91.

HON. FATHER,

It would have been a great pleasure to us both to have met you at Mr. Wyatt's this time, and we were only prevented by visitors, who came quite unexpected. You would have liked to have seen our little one; and I hope you will yet, before long. We thank you for all your kindness, and as I am endeavouring to get into business for myself, I sincerely hope, to have it in my power, to entertain you better when you come. I have an undeniable chance. I have some good customers, and might have enough immediately, to provide a genteel living for my wife and child, if I could take advantage of it soon. If I could get three months credit at my leather-cutters, for five or six pounds only, it would enable me to give

credit to that amount, as my custom lies among such, as are able and willing to improve it: but I am determined to carry it on as well as I can.

The underwritten lines, contain the sentiments, which always occur to my mind when I come to Woolwich; and as I put them into metre when the Boyne was launched, and they are still perfect on my mind, I write them now, because I think you have a relish for such things, particularly the devotional parts of them.

Before I was married, I often amused myself with such compositions, and had several pieces published in newspapers, magazines, &c.; but I find other employment now, which is of equal pleasure to me.

My Polly and the child are in good health, and I hope to hear from you soon; and remain yours, in duty and affection,

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ON SEEING THE LAUNCH OF THE BOYNE.

WHENCE comes the joy, which longest warms
the heart?
Can mutual love, can friendship's self impart
Raptures unmix'd — Thoughts constantly the
same,
Like those which feed devotion's sacred flame,
When glows the breast with more than mortal
fires,
And boundless gratitude to heaven aspires?

Through the wide field of arts, with true delight,
Unceasing wonders crowd upon our sight!
—Lo, yon vast pile*, for noblest ends supplied,
Majestic greets the slowly rising tide!
—While, less in bulk,—but more amazing far,
View, in her infant stage, that ship of war.

* Greenwich Hospital.

Who from the hills, this boundless prospect sees,
Must silent praise,—or utter words like these:
Sweet child of heaven!—Thee, Gratitude, we bless,
Through life how lovely, in whatever dress;
Thou cheer'st the path, with care and peril trod,
And lift'st the soul, and point'st the way to God!
—Man sees with pleasure, and exulting rears
The shapely column, and the dome it bears;
And thus confined, we view with conscious heart
The perfect symmetry of every part:
But scaped the walls, we look to earth and sky,
And all the wonders half-reveal'd on high,
Where the charm'd soul contemplates her abode,
And matchless order speaks th' eternal God!

On that famed hill, where Flamstead's vigorous mind,
By midnight meditations, taught mankind;
When gleam'd the moon, and silence reign'd around,
The scene was awful, and the thought profound;
Heaven's beaming orbs, which gild the fearful night,
Ten thousand lesser stars that 'scape the sight,

To him were clear, were intimately known,
And all his pleasure was a God to own:
Yet one step more improves the glorious thought,
God made the man, and made the stars he sought.

Show the inquiring mind,—which seeks to know,
Objects where men their utmost skill bestow;
—Show him (where Thames her swelling bosom heaves)
The tow'ring vessel, destined to the waves.
See fix'd astonishment seize every power,
Like one short moment flies the favour'd hour;
And with what thrillings doth his heart attend
The vast design,—the purpose, and the end?

The forest mourns its largest, stateliest trees,
Here hewn and fashion'd with the greatest ease;
Enormous limbs of season'd, solid oak,
Yield their rough sides to labour's sturdy stroke.
Exact proportion, rules in height and length,
That great first principle,—resistless strength;
Strength well required, when o'er the foaming deeps,
Th' undaunted mariner, his reckoning keeps.

Behold her, through the opposing billows cleave,
And far behind the land of freedom leave;
Triumphantly she bears to distant shores
A thousand men, with all their pond'rous stores.
Amazing thought!—Yet more amazing still—
—This complicated MASS of human skill,
When storms arise, is like a feather toss'd,
Her monstrous bulk comparatively lost.
Waves roll her over, terror fills the skies,
She rends asunder!—every creature dies!
O God! by winds thou canst destroy or save!
O Lord of life! Thy ocean is their grave!
Whate'er is great or awful, from Thee springs!
We, by imperfect, judge of perfect things.
—If works of art our admiration raise,
Thine be the worship—Thine the sacred praise.

†

TO HIS MOTHER,

WITH A COPY OF "THE FARMER'S BOY."

"To peace and virtue still be true;"
An anxious Mother ever cries,
Who needs no *present* to renew
Parental love—which never dies.
Yet, when to know, and see and hear
All that the GREAT and GOOD have done,
This present will be doubly dear
..... "*Your* favour'd poet is—MY son."

TO HIS WIFE.

I RISE, dear Mary, from the soundest rest,
A wandering, way-worn, musing, singing guest.
I claim the privilege of hill and plain;
Mine are the woods, and all that they contain;
The unpolluted gale, which sweeps the glade;
All the cool blessings of the solemn shade;
Health, and the flow of happiness sincere;
Yet there's one wish,—I wish that thou wert here;
Free from the trammels of domestic care,
With me these dear autumnal sweets to share;
To share my heart's ungovernable joy;
And keep the birth-day of our poor lame boy.
Ah! that's a tender string! Yet since I find
That scenes like these, can soothe the harass'd mind,
Trust me, 'twould set *thy* jaded spirits free,
To wander thus through vales and woods with me.
Thou know'st how much I love to steal away
From noise, from uproar, and the blaze of day;
With double transport would my heart rebound
To lead thee, where the clustering nuts are found;

No toilsome efforts would our task demand,
For the brown treasure stoops to meet the hand.
Round the tall hazel, beds of moss appear
In green-swards nibbled by the forest deer,
Sun, and alternate shade; while o'er our heads
The cawing rook his glossy pinions spreads;
The noisy jay, his wild-woods dashing through;
The ring-dove's chorus, and the rustling bough;
The far resounding gate; the kite's shrill scream;
The distant ploughman's halloo to his team.
This is the chorus to my soul so dear;
It would delight thee too, wert thou but here:
For we might talk of home, and muse o'er days
Of sad distress, and Heaven's mysterious ways;
Our chequer'd fortunes, with a smile retrace,
And build new hopes upon our infant race;
Pour our thanksgivings forth, and weep the while;
Or pray for blessings on our native isle.
But vain the wish!—Mary, thy sighs forbear,
Nor grudge the pleasure which thou canst not share;
Make home delightful, kindly wish for me,
And I'll leave hills, and dales, and woods for thee.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Whittlebury Forest,
Sept. 16, 1804.

THE portrait of my mother was taken on her last visit to London, in the summer of 1804, and about six months previous to her dissolution. During the period of evident decline in her strength and faculties, she conceived, in place of that patient resignation which she had before felt, an ungovernable dread of ultimate want; and observed to a relative, with peculiar emphasis, that "to meet WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY, was like meeting three giants."

To the last hour of her life she was an excellent spinner; and latterly, the peculiar kind of wool she spun, was brought exclusively for her, as being the only one in the village, who exercised their industry on so fine a sort. During the tearful paroxysms of her last depression, she spun with the utmost violence, and with vehemence exclaimed, "*I must spin!*" A pa-

ralytic affection, struck her whole right side, while at work, and obliged her to quit her spindle when only half filled, and she died within a fortnight afterwards. I have that spindle now.

She was buried on the last day of the year 1804. She returned from her visit to London, on Friday, the 29th of June, just to a day, 23 years after she brought me to London, which was also on a Friday, in the year 1781.

TO A SPINDLE.

Relic! I will not bow to thee, nor worship!
Yet, treasure as thou art, remembrancer
Of sunny days, that ever haunt my dreams,
Where thy brown fellows as a task I twirl'd,
And sang my ditties, ere the farm received
My vagrant foot, and with its liberty,
And all its cheerful buds, and op'ning flowers,
Had taught my heart to wander:

—Relic of affection! come;—
Thou shalt a moral teach to me and mine;
The hand that wore thee smooth is cold, and spins
No more! Debility press'd hard, around
The seat of life, and terrors fill'd her brain,—
Nor causeless terrors. Giants grim and bold,
Three mighty ones she fear'd to meet:—they came—
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY,—all came;
The last had dropp'd his club, yet fancy made
Him formidable; and when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfill'd his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once,
Cried, "*Spin no more.*"—Thou then wert left half fill'd
With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
Through all her days, she who could spin so well.
Half fill'd, wert thou—half finish'd when she died!
—Half finish'd? 'Tis the motto of the world:
We spin vain threads, and strive, and die
With sillier things than spindles on our hands!

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,
The bias set upon my soul for verse;

Oh, should old age still find my brain at work,
And Death, o'er some poor fragment striding, cry
"Hold! spin no more!" grant, Heaven, that purity
Of thought and texture, may assimilate
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,
In worth, and snowy innocence. Then shall
The village school-mistress, shine brighter through
The exit of her boy; and both shall live,
And virtue triumph too; and virtue's tears,
Like Heaven's pure blessings, fall upon their grave.

KENTISH MARY.

A BALLAD.

Ye who urge harsh rules of duty,
  Deeming love a *childish* thing;
Rebels to the reign of beauty!
  Listen to the song I sing.

Happy day! and means how glorious!
  (Weeping 'midst her auburn hair)
Kentish Mary rose victorious,
  Rose with honour from despair.

Her William loved, their hearts were pairs,
  And well his diamond-worth she knew;
—And what can purchase joy like theirs?
  —Not all the gems that ever grew.

Yet was the union of their hands,
  From motives which must still be hid,
By her fond father's stern commands
  At once delay'd, opposed, forbid!

—" Strive, children, to forget your loves,
" Let passion cool, and reason reign."
—They strove; but time for ever proves
That NATURE will her rights maintain.

She sought (as gloomy sorrow bade),
Far in the Weald, a lonely spot,
Beneath the oak's primeval shade,
To rest till grief should be forgot.

Vain thought! The soul's calamity
The suff'ring frame must ever share!
Sickness bedimm'd her hazel eye;
—In truth, 'twas *more* than she could bear.

Who now shall visit Mary? Who
Bring comfort to her lone abode?
William at once resolved to go,
And passion spurr'd him on the road.

—Their late resolves, with health gave way,
And Pity lent her powerful aid;
And every moment seem'd a day,
Till he could clasp his drooping maid.

O! sweet was then the stolen pleasure!
Conscious honour, love, and fears!
His—fond vows beyond all measure,
Hers—the luxury of tears!

THE DAWNING OF DAY.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE grey eye of morning, was dear to my youth,
When I sprang like the roe from my bed,
With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,
And the light hand of Time on my head.

For then 'twas my maxim through life to be free,
And to sport my short moments away;
The cry of the hounds, was the music for me,
My glory—the dawn of the day.

In yellow-leaved autumn, the haze of the morn
Gave promise of rapture to come;
Then melody woke in the sound of the horn,
As we cheer'd the old fox from his home;

The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,
With the village response in full play;

All vigour, my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,
And was foremost at dawn of the day.

The well-tuned view-halloo that shook the green wood,
And arrested the ploughman's gay song,
Gave nerve to the hunters, and fire to the blood
Of the hounds, as they bounded along.

And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart
While years with my strength roll away?
Hark! the horn—bring my horse—see, they 're ready to start!
Tally-o! at the dawning of day.

ON REPAIRING A MINIATURE BUST OF BUONAPARTE.

FOR MRS. PALMER.

MADAM,

E'EN Lodi's stream, Marengo's plain,
Amidst their heaps of dead,
Still left the illustrious Corsican
His laurels and his head.

What have *you* done? Was it to show,
Still dire events portending,
That man may look as pure as snow,
Yet stand in need of mending?

Though mending is in part my trade,
Where step by step I 'm led on,
I ne'er the bold attempt yet made,
To set a great man's head on.

But satirists, may well suspect
That some great heads have long
Been our sole care, and (from neglect)
That we have set them wrong.

But jokes apart, 'tis plain to all,
Who see this broken bust,
The head of the original—
Was rightly placed at first.

THE MAID OF DUNSTABLE.

WHERE o'er the hills, and white as snow,
The channel'd road resounding lies,
And curling from the vale below,
The morning-mists in columns rise;
Blithe at their doors, where glanced the sun,
The busy maidens plied their trade;
And Dunstable may boast of one,
As fair as ever fancy made.

A transient glance on her sweet face,
Would bid the chastest bosom glow;
But modesty's resistless grace,
'Tis hers to feel, and hers to show.—
Pure be the cup which thou mayst sip;
May no false swain thy peace annoy;
May prudence guard thy cherry lip,
And virtue lead thy steps to joy.

SONNET.

TO FIFTEEN GNATS SEEN DANCING IN THE SUN-BEAMS ON JAN. 3.

WELCOME, ye little fools, to cheer us now,
With recollections of a summer's eve;
And, though my heart, can not the cheat believe,
Still merrily dance about your leafless bough.
—I love you from my soul; and though I know
Ye can *but die*—to think *how soon*, I grieve;—
Perhaps to-night the *blast of death* may blow;
Frost be at hand—who grants you no reprieve.
—Your company 's too small, I ween, that you
Thus raise the shrill note of your summer's song;
Yet dance away—'tis thus that children do,—
And wiser men to life's end dance along.
Die, little gnats, as winds or frosts ordain:—
Death is our frost too—but we fly again.

GOOD NATURE.

Much of good nature, grey-beards tell,
And make a great to-do:
I 've weigh'd their bold assertions well,
And now believe them true.
Let beauty's bloom improve or fade,
Wit bring its good or harm,
'Twas gay good-nature Hymen made
His universal charm.

HOB'S EPITAPH.

A GREY-owl was I when on earth;
My master, a wondrous wise-man,
Found out my deserts and my worth,
And would needs have me bred an exciseman.

He gave me the range of his house,
And a favourite study, his shed,
Where I rush'd on the struggling mouse,
While science rush'd into my head.

In gauging, I still made advances;
Like schoolboy, grew wiser and wiser;
Resolved in the world to take chances,
And try to come in supervisor.

But Fate comes, and Genius must fail:—
One morning, while gauging or drinking,
My wig over-balanced my tail,
And I found myself stifling and sinking.

Yet I died not like men—who still quarrel
Through life—yet to destiny yield:—
The tippler is drown'd in his barrel;
The soldier is slain in the field.—

Not in love—nor in debt—nor in strife—
Nor in horrors attendant on war:—
In a barrel I gave up my life,
But mine was—a barrel of tar.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BEAT up, my fond heart, the worn veteran cries;
His dear native village just op'ning to view;
Here parents—here Anna—here love's tender ties,
Will soothe ev'ry care, ev'ry kindness renew.

Hail, woodlands, though leafless!—Hail, streams so long lost!
My friendships, my cottage, my HOME full in sight!
Thou mansion of bliss, screen my scars from the frost!
I 've gold *now*—and *love* will give zest to delight.

O'er kingdoms to thee, rapid Fancy oft flew;
Thy low mossy roof in fond mem'ry survived;
Oft homeward at eve, when I took a long view,
I 've sigh'd with a tear, for the day now arrived!

Round Libia's south point, when from toils lately freed,
Sweet Hope cheer'd my soul whilst we skimm'd the rough sea.
I strove, 'midst the tars, to improve our ship's speed;
Nor thought I of toils—but of Anna and *thee*.

Here comes the dear girl—comes with kind arms extended
To welcome me home, and my fondness to prove:
My cheek feels the glowing of rapture, warm blended
With answering drops—'tis the meed of chaste love.

HAPPINESS OF GLEANERS.

——————— Welcome the cot's
Warm walls! . . . . thrice welcome Rest, by toil endear'd;
Each hard-bed softening, healing ev'ry care!
——————— Sleep on, ye gentle souls,
Unapprehensive of the midnight thief!
—Or, if bereft of all, with pain acquired!
Your fall, with theirs compared, who sink from wealth,
With hands unused to toil, and minds unused
To bend—how little felt!—How soon repair'd!

CHARITY.

In moorland cot—or hovel by the road,
Rest the poor Peasant and his shiv'ring boy,
—And theirs we deem Contentment's blest abode,
Where Fancy riots in ideal joy!—
Shall this bar charity—when spare and thin
The curling smoke o'ertops the winter snow?
Go—cheer decrepitude, that shrinks within,
And bid the eye of palsied age o'erflow.

Lines written hastily, while in King-street, Margate, in August 1822, and given to Mr. Freeman of Minster.

VISITOR! whoe'er thou art,
Respect the vine, which climbs this door;
If pain or sorrow wring thy heart,
Seek health along the breezy shore.

Watch the last sun-beams o'er the sea;
And when the eve is calm and clear,
From breathless rooms and raffles flee,—
Music awaits thee on the pier.

The world is gay—the world is vain—
It palls upon the ear and eye;
It brings no treasures in its train:—
Seek health, for there your treasures lie.

THE FLOWERS OF THE MEAD.

How much to be wish'd that the flowers of the
mead
The pleasures of converse could yield;
And be to our bosoms, wherever we tread,
The *reasoning* sweets of the field!

But silent they stand,—yet in silence bestow,
What smiles, and what glances impart;
And give, every moment, Joy's exquisite glow,
And the powerful throb of the heart.

FRAGMENT.

'Twas when the abbey rear'd its spires,
Where good St. Edmund buried lies,
A cloister'd maid, with holy fires,
Subdued Love's rebel tears and sighs.

At times subdued, at times she wept,
When came the solemn ev'ning hours;
And often, when she should have slept,
A whisper climb'd the silent towers,
O let poor Anna die!

N. B. This is too serious for a song.

Wine, beauty, smiles, and social mirth,
Right welcome to the table;
These!——every mother's son of earth
Will honour!——while *he 's able*.

EPITAPH FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Youth, cheerfulness, and health, gave up their
reign,
To all the bitterness of mortal pain.
Unshaken fortitude possess'd her mind,
And sense grew bright as beauty's rose declined.
In vain kind sisters wept, and hid their fears;
Vain the fond parents' venerable tears!
God to himself, th' unspotted victim drew:
She waits in heaven, ye good and just, for you!

EMMA'S KID.

[Originally accompanying a pair of kid-leather shoes, which the Earl of Buchan had requested me to make with my own hands for his lady, then at Dryburgh abbey.]

FULL was the moon, and climbing high,
Beam'd soft on Emma's flowing hair,
And rival stars along the sky
Were sparkling through the frosty air.

The powder'd blades on every sod,
Like glittering arms before us lay;
And crumpling snow where'er we trod,
Reflected back the friendly ray.

Her breath, that met the piercing cold,
Quick vanish'd, and a tear was seen,
While thus her story Emma told
Of summer-days, how bless'd they 'd been.

My father is too poor, to own
The mountain flock, or wandering kine;
One kid has all our fondness known,—
I call'd the blithsome creature mine.

Of kids that ever climb the steep,
With all the frisks of wanton glee,
Of all that graze the dell so deep,
The merriest of the race was he.

Without him if I stole away,
And gain'd the mountain's airy brow,
He 'd join me there, and seem'd to say,—
Look down upon our home below.

Light on the cliff he 'd bound along,
Now climb aloft and now descend;
And while I sung my morning song,
Would circle round and round his friend.

When wild-rose buds began to peep,
And June, amidst her choice of flowers,
Bade dripping clouds their distance keep,
And welcomed forth the sunny hours—

When fresh the earth, and clear the sky,
And blackbirds caroll'd through the grove;
Both morn and eve my kid was nigh,
And I return'd him love for love.

And Allen, was he here e'en now,
He'd print the snow in scowering by,
And with *such strength,* that even you
Would wonder how he leap'd so high.

My *father's* loss had grieved me more;
Then, poor indeed, would Emma be.
But next to him—a bosom'd store
Was that poor innocent to me.

And nothing but a father's weal,
Should e'er have torn him from my side:
His life supply'd a sick man's meal,
Who else most surely, must have died.

Forgive my tears—'twas sure a sin,
A crying sin, at Donald's door,—
A travelling pedler had his skin,
And I shall never see him more!

Her eye uplifted, mild and blue,
Convey'd a more than usual bliss;
While to my lips her cheek I drew,
And lurking echo, mock'd the kiss!

Oh soothe, sweet girl, thy troubled mind,
Though dear a short-lived kid might prove;
To me, be you as true and kind,
You'll find a life of *lasting* love.

I've kids at home; then come with me,
We're natives both of this sweet vale;
And bring thy tenderness with thee,
But tell no more this piteous tale.—

Thou, and thy kid, no more can meet:
Yet his soft skin, that knew no stain,
On some fair lady's gliding feet
May visit these wild hills again.

Then let the thought thy bosom cheer;
From trifles oft our comforts flow;
And love can spread his blessings here,
As spring dissolves the mountain snow.

And will you then no more be sad?
And will you share my kids with me?
Shall spring, which makes Tweed's side so glad,
Shall spring have coming joys for thee?

Where are the flowers of bonny May?
We know the sun will bring them forth—
And can I trust thy pity? say,
For pity speaks the soul of worth.

"Yes, trust me, Allen; by this light—
"I'll hide my heart from thee no more."—
I won my Emma's love that night,—
Oh, love! respect our humble door.

While flowers burst forth, while leaves decay,
While crystal treasures, Tweed, rolls by,
Be thou the guardian of our way,
And bless our cottage till we die.

TO GENERAL LOYD.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE OLD ELMS AT THE WEST END OF WOOLWICH BARRACKS.

We soldiers of the western hill,
Turn'd up with nature's cheerful green;
Since our young stems came here to drill,
What revolutions have we seen!

We've witness'd many a gallant launch;
We've bow'd to many a gay review;
And still, we're like your Honour—stanch;
And humbly plead our cause with you.

Oh! shall we be condemn'd to die,
Whilst your vast barracks raise our wonder;
Whose deep foundations come so nigh,
They cut our very roots asunder?

We've stood through many a stormy night,
Ay! long before your men were born,
Who braved the thunder of the fight,
And toils and terrors laugh'd to scorn.

How grateful is the summer shade,
  How bleak this hill would look without us;
Here let the vows of love be made,
  And blooming maids still flock about us.

Let us remain the spot to show,
  (Though honour bids a nation arm),
Where grazing kine were wont to low,
  And once was found a peaceful farm.

SONG,

SUNG BY MR. BLOOMFIELD

At the Anniversary of Doctor Jenner's Birth-day, 1803.

Come hither, mild Beauty, that dwell'st on the mountain,
Sweet handmaid of Liberty, meet us to-day;
Thy votaries philanthropy ask from thy fountain,
A soul-cheering nectar wherewith to be gay.

The cup may o'erflow, and new grapes still be growing;
The eyes of the drinkers resplendently shine;
But grant us, bright nymph, with thy gifts overflowing,
To lighten our hearts, and to relish our wine.

Is Beauty's gay rosebud a prize worth ensuring?
Its guardianship rests with the friends of our cause.
Shall we mark unconcern'd, what the blind are enduring?
No! mercy and peace are the first of our laws.

Wave, streamers of victory; be bravery requited;
Be sails, in all climes, still with honour unfurl'd;
All lovers of man with our cause are delighted;
'Tis to banish the fears, and the tears of the world.

All nations shall feel, and all nations inherit
The wonderful blessing we place in their view;
And if in that blessing a mortal claims merit,
Oh! Jenner—your country resigns it to you!

From the field, from the farm, comes the glorious treasure,
May its life-saving impulse—all fresh as the morn—
Still spread round the earth without bounds, without measure,
Till Time has forgot, when his Jenner was born.

WORDS FOR HOOK'S FOURTH LESSON.

LOVELY SHELAH.

Come, lovely Shelah—come, lovely Shelah,
Let us ramble o'er the dewy mountains, Shelah.
Let blossoms please thee,
No cares shall tease thee,
Let us taste the breezy morn.
Da Capo.
There my songs I 'll sing thee,
There the flowers I 'll bring thee,
Larks shall carol cheerly,
There my songs I 'll sing thee,
There the flowers I 'll bring thee,
Down amongst the waving corn.
Da Capo first five lines.

FOR HOOK'S NINTH LESSON.

DONALD.

Down in the forest,
Where the hazel boughs are spreading,
Where the sun-beams gleaming play
  Beneath our favourite tree.
Bring from thy cottage
Scrip and flask; and lightly treading,
Deck with flowers the mossy seat;
  I'll share the feast with thee.
So said my Donald—
But where's my loitering lover?
Smiles wait him, flowers bloom
By woodland rill so clear.
Donald, be faithful,
My bold, my bonny forest rover;
What's the stream, and what the flowers,
  If Donald is not here?

Peep from thy covert,
Noble antler'd stag, nor fear me.

List'ning hare, enjoy thy food,
I spread no snare for thee.
Sing, lovely Philomel,
'Midst the shady branches near me,
Till my wand'ring lover comes,
Oh, tune thy lay to me.
Hark! from the deep dell
The mingled voices swelling;
Hark! what sweet echoes
Are through the forest borne.
Welcome, thou brave youth;
Welcome, sounds of rapture telling.
Charming echoes,
Here he comes!
'Twas Donald's bugle-horn.

FOR HOOK'S ELEVENTH LESSON.

THE IRISH DUCK-WOMAN.

THIS is the market for ducks to-day,
And prettier birds never swam in the water;
But what's to become of my gains, I pray,
If I'm to be cheated by you?
Show them your English lasses, and tell them
They ne'er had a conscience so cheaply to sell 'em now.
Match 'em for fat, and for weight, and for feather,
And match 'em the market all through.

Da Capo first four lines.

Who'd be cheated by you? who'd be cheated by you?
Match 'em for fat, and for weight, and for feather,
And match 'em the market all through.
Who'd be cheated by you? who'd be cheated by you?
Match 'em for fat, and for weight, and for feather,
And match 'em the market all through.

Sure, I 'm not one of your Irish geese,
Who don't know a bit about what I 'd be a'ter,
To sell my fat ducks for a shilling a-piece,
When I gave a dollar for two!
I who have sold 'em at Cork and Kilkenny,
And even at Dublin itself turn'd a penny, sure;
I who have sold 'em to lords and to ladies,
And travell'd the country through!

Da Capo first four lines.

Who 'd be cheated by you? who 'd be cheated by you?
I who have sold 'em, &c.
And travell'd, &c.
Who 'd be cheated, &c.
I who have, &c.
And travell'd, &c.

Da Capo as before.

FOR HOOK'S FOURTEENTH LESSON.

THE SOLDIER'S LULLABY.

To sleep, my dear—to sleep, my dear;
The march is o'er—the fight is done.
To sleep, my dear, you need not fear,
You 're safe,—the field is won.
Da Capo.
Rest your troubled bosom,
And rest your weary head;
Comrades watch around thee,
Thy husband guards thy bed.
Da Capo To sleep, &c.
No piercing trumpet shall tell of death and terrors,
No thundering cannon shall fill thee with dismay.
Da Capo To sleep, &c.
Broad the vanguard shows its front;
Our brave commander knows his ground;
And distant rolls the doubling drum;
The conquer'd foe is far away.
Da Capo To sleep, &c.

GLEE.

FROM THE VILLAGE DRAMA CALLED "HAZEL-WOOD HALL."

1.

Love in a shower safe shelter took,
In a rosy bower, beside a brook,
And wink'd and nodded, with conscious pride,
To his vot'ries drench'd on the other side.
Come hither, sweet maids, there 's a bridge below;
The toll-keeper Hymen will let you through;
Come over the stream to me.

2.

Then over they went, in a huddle together,
Not caring much about wind or weather;
The bower was sweet, and the shower was gone,
Again broke forth th' enlivening sun.
Some wish'd to return, but the toll-keeper said,
You 're a wife *now*, lassie, I *pass'd* you a maid.
Get back as you can for me.

SIMPLE PLEASURES.

FROM THE SAME.

1.

THUS thinks the traveller, journeying still
Where mountains rise sublime:
What, but these scenes, the heart can fill?
What charm like yonder giant hill?
—A mole-hill clothed with thyme!

2.

What can exceed the joy of power?
—That joy which conquerors prove
In scepter'd rule, where all must cower?
What can exceed that madd'ning hour?
Why peace, and home, and love!

SONG.

TUNE.—LIGORAN COSH.

1.

THE man in the moon look'd down one night,
Where a lad and his lass were walking;
Thinks he, there must be very huge delight
In this kissing and nonsense-talking:
And so there must ('tis a well known case),
For it lasts both late and early.
So they talk'd him down, till he cover'd his face,
—They tired his patience fairly.

2.

Then up rose the sun in his morning beams,
And push'd back his nightcap to greet them;
Says he,—"As you boast of your darts and flames,
My darts and my flames shall meet them."
He scorch'd them both through the live-long day,
But they never once seem'd to mind him,
But laugh'd outright, as he skulk'd away,
And left a dark world behind him.

Then the man in the moon look'd down in a pet,
And said, " I believe I can cure you ;
Though my brother has fail'd, I may conquer yet—
If not, I must try to endure you.
Go home," he cried, " and attend to my rules,
And banish all thoughts of sorrow ;
Then jump into bed, you couple of fools,
And you 'll both be wiser to-morrow."

SENT TO MR. SHARP,

AS AN APOLOGY FOR NOT DINING WITH HIM.

I CANNOT with pleasure leave home,
Though wit, wine, and friendship invite,
For that grim-visaged fiend is just come,
Who withers my germs of delight.
With the insult of conquest he rides,
And demands from its peg my warm coat,
Deep-probing back, shoulders, and sides,
With a spur—like the *name* to your note.

The blithe Caledonian for once,
Whose humour will keep you from sinking,
Will miss by good fortune the dunce,
Who spends his dull moments in thinking.
Should Doeg transgress, show the door,
And let this fine rain cool his flame;
Or to have him like me, make him *poor*,
And strike out the *e* from his name.

ÆOLUS.

I am not disposed to court the powers of this poet-made god—except on a sultry summer's day, when not a breath of air is in motion; at such a moment one might exclaim:—

Oh, breeze, where sleep'st thou? Come, oh come,
  This languor of my frame dispel;
Arise,—thy own loved harp is dumb;
  Arise, and bid thy chorus swell.

Stop not, but breathe with fresh'ning power
  O'er full-blown roses in your way;
Wave the laburnum's pendent flower;—
  Yet stop not 'midst their sweets to play.

Sweep o'er the hay-field and the grove;
  Thy own harp waits thee, come along;
Whose soft vibrations whisper love,
  And fancied choirs of heavenly song.

Thanks, charming zephyr.—Hark! That tone!
Be true, sweet harp; hush all but thee;
Perform thy task untouch'd, alone,
And pour thy tide of harmony.

IRISH NEWS.

TUNE—THE YORKSHIREMAN.

"By't side of a brig stands over a brook."

From Dublin, ahoi! full of wonder and gazing,
I'm writing to you, brother Pat;
I've heard of a story so strange and amazing,
I'll talk about nothing but that:
I've heard of that queer little peaceable pimple,
That makes in the world such a row!
You might think all the doctors are crazy, or simple,
For they're all fell in love with the cow.

John Bull, though he holds us so tight in his tether,
Determined to give us relief.—
So he sends us this pimple, and Bedford together,
—A glorious fellow for beef!—

And sure, of that Fiend who makes holes in our faces,
He swears he can rid us all now;
So the sweet little milk-maids, are sure of their graces,
And the farmer 's in love with the cow.

In lectures galvanic, the world in a panic,
Beheld an ox-cheek twist about;
With frogs set a crawling, and rabbits a squalling,
And sheep's heads that turn'd up the snout.
But what is all that, by my soul, brother Pat,
To the news that I 'm telling you now?
New lectures are teaching, and parsons are preaching,
Ay, the parson 's in love with the cow.

I'll tell you, moreover, how good neighbour Bull,
The scheme has so charmingly plann'd;
That by hook or by crook, he has got in his book,
The biggest great names in the land.
Yet some write and rave, that the pimple won't save,
And they prove it, I can't tell you how:
But while time lays *them* flat, let 's remember, dear Pat,
That the world is in love with the cow.

Then what will we do, brother Pat, with the man
Who found out this glorious rig?
Sure, we 'll gather him shamrocks as fast as we can,
And stick full every curl in his wig.
And may *Unanimity, Concord,* and *Joy,*
To the end of the world, from just now,
Distinguish *Humanity's heroes,* my boy!
—Long life to John Bull and his cow!

YIELD THEE TO PLEASURE, OLD CARE.

YIELD thee to pleasure, old Care;
Hope—let me rejoice in thy truth;
Leave me, pale sickness; forbear,
And steal not the rose of my youth.

Spring; with thy charms, prithee come,
I long for thy bright sunny hours;
Clothe the steep woods round my home;
And bid me revive with thy flowers.

Borne on the fresh blowing breeze,
The respite of Heaven descends.
Joy; thy white hand let me seize;
I live for my father and friends.

SONG.

NORAH.

1.

By the Bannow's meandering stream,
By the green banks of Shannon I 've stray'd;
I 've bless'd the soft glance, as it came,
Of many a beautiful maid.
My heart throbb'd a moment, I own,
The transport was o'er in a day;
But where 's all my fortitude flown?
By Norah 'tis melted away.

2.

I ascended the mountain with glee;
'Midst the flowers of the valley could rove;
All Ireland was charming to me,
Till I knew the sweet thraldom of love.
Yet what can such feelings impart,
Or what for such raptures can pay?
Love conquers the pride of my heart,
By Norah 'tis melted away.

SENT TO A LADY WHO WAS GOING TO A BALL.

May health brace your nerves, as I find you 're
for gadding,
And Care drop the end of his tether,
And stately dame Conscience give license for
madding,
And toss up your heart like a feather.

My heart, my good lady, to mirth is no foe,
And many the joys which it feels;
My heart—why it danced thirty summers ago,
But I never could dance with my heels.

NEWS FROM WORTHING,

IN A LETTER FROM A BEAST OF BURDEN TO HER BROTHER JACK.

Brother Jack, I am going to inform you
Of things that ne'er enter'd your head;
And I hope the narration will charm you
Wherever you're driven or led;

For it grieves me to think of your Hampers,
And the cudgel that thumps you behind;
You have none of my frolics and scampers;
—My labour's as light as the wind.

On a fine level, form'd by the tide,
The beach and the ocean between,
Fashion here, tells young lasses to *ride*
On the best *walk*, that ever was seen.

The *sands,* brother Jack; that 's the spot
Where the ladies exhibit their graces;
—There they push me along till I trot,
Midst a circle of giggling faces.

Not one of the party stands idle,
For, when I move just like a snail,
One half of them pull at my bridle,
And t'other half push at my tail.

Then up, full of frolic and glee,
One will mount, and will scold, and will strike,
And ride me knee deep in the sea,
Where I stop—just as long as I like.

For what are their tricks and manœuvres?
They may pull me, and haul me, and tease;
But I plague them as they plague their lovers,
O, I like to do just as I please!

Don't envy, but hark what I tell—
You, would never do here for a *prude,*
Because, Jack, you know very well,
You were always inclined to be rude;

And if you should set up your braying,
And give them but two or three staves,
You would stop all the children from playing,
Or frighten them into the waves!

Sometimes a sick lady will ride me,
More tender and delicate still;
And employ a poor boy just to guide me,
Where I cannot go wrong if I will;

Then back through the town gently creeping,
We stop at some library door;
Where, nonsense preferring to sleeping,
She loads me with novels* a score.

And, dear Jack, by the by, I 've long guest,
Though, good ladies, I've no wish to spite 'em;
That 'tis *we* bring these books in request,
And that some of *our family* write 'em.

* Every reader will surely know *what kind* of novels are here alluded to; and, at the same time, truth obliges me to say, that I received personal attentions from Mrs. Spooner, of the Colonnade library, which I remember with gratitude.

R. B.

But who 'd go to boast about that?
No, I 'll finish by telling you true,
That at Worthing we all might grow fat,
And keep the best company too.

So love to you, Jack, till next season;
I 'll be happy as long as I can;
For an ass that complains without reason,
Becomes——just as bad as a man!

ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

Roll, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam
Pour thy tides round the echoing shore,
Thou guard of Old England; my country, my home;
And my soul shall rejoice in the roar.

Though high-fronted valour may scowl at the foe,
And with eyes of defiance advance;
'Tis thou hast repell'd desolation and woe,
And the conquering legions of France.

'Tis good to exult in the strength of the land;
That the flower of her youth are in arms;
That her lightning is pointed, her jav'lin in hand,
And aroused the rough spirit that warms:

But never may that day of horror be known,
When these hills, and these valleys shall feel
The rush of the phalanx by phalanx o'erthrown,
And the bound of the thundering wheel.

The dread chance of battle, its blood, and its roar,
Who can wish in his senses to prove?
To plant the foul fiend on Britannia's own shore,
All sacred to peace and to love?

Hail, glory of Albion! ye fleets, and ye hosts,
I breathe not the tones of dismay;
In valour unquestion'd still cover your coasts,
But may Heav'n keep the slaughter away!

[A young man occasionally called upon me who was born deaf and dumb, and who had been educated at the Asylum in the Grange Road. They had taught him to make shoes, to write, and to speak a few words; and the last time he called, he announced his intended marriage in the following words:

"FIVE MONTHS I WILL GETTING SHE MARRIED."]

O HOW can the dumb go a courting,
Or how can the maiden approve?
'Tis easy; while fancy is sporting;
—The eyes, speak the language of love.

Poor youth! although born without hearing,
Benevolence cheers such as you,
And teaches the words most endearing—
"God bless you," and "How do you do?"

From these, and the use of your pen;
Though in grammar you 're not over nice;
Love, can make out your where and your when,
And supply all defects in a trice.

And though you hear not the soft sigh
Of delight, when you press on her cheek;
That loss other joys shall supply;
E'en the turn of a finger can speak.

We all deal in nodding and winking,
And talk through a smile or a frown;
But you, on whatever you 're thinking,
Have a strange set of nods of your own.

This credit of nodding we grant you;
—But all former specimens prove
That nothing could ever enchant you,
Or light up your features like love.

For who shall describe the wild glee
That dwelt on your brow while you tarried,
O'er that pen, which recorded so free,
" Five months I will getting she married."

†

Perhaps she will study your face,
And read all your meanings with ease,
And prove that affection's pure grace,
In despite of all language can please.

The balance is much on your side—
Should she scold, why who better can bear it?
You may see a child's mouth open wide
When it cries,—but you never can hear it.

If your heart bounds with pleasure, or bleeds;
Should fortune prove friendly or shy;
No oaths, in your book of misdeeds,
Will stare in your face when you die.

You 're right thus to marry, methinks,
While young; though the wise ones have tarried;
For me, I 'll remember your winks,
And, "Five months I will getting she married."

A NEIGHBOURLY RESOLUTION.

With scythe, fresh sharpen'd, by his side,
To bring the ripen'd barley down,
One morning, when the dew was dried,
Thus musing with himself, John Brown
Stood, where of late
His little gate
Was cover'd by an elm's broad shade:—
Ah! there thou liest, wide sheltering tree,
Beneath whose boughs, in youthful glee,
My first love-vow was made.

Thou hast survived my wife, 'tis true,
Thy leaves have sigh'd to me, alone;
Have sigh'd in autumn's yellow hue—
I've felt thy lessons, every one.
Of thee bereft,
There may be left,
(Though 'twas no friend that cut thee down)
There may be left in store, I say,
Some joys—for Goody Gascoin may
Be kind to neighbour Brown.

I 've lived alone, she 's done the same,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold;
I trust we still might feel love's flame,
Though girls and boys may call us old:
O could we be
Embower'd by thee!
Vain wish! my poor old elm is down:—
May shadeless labour and sour ale,
Far from this stream, and this sweet vale,
Plague him that robb'd John Brown.

But though, 'midst clust'ring leaves, no more
The robin gives his morning trill;
Winter may bring him to my door,
And Goody Gascoin,—*if she will*:
I 'll know her mind;
If so inclined,
'Tis death alone shall make us part:
And though his cot's sweet shade is down,
This charm she 'll find in neighbour Brown,
Gay cheerfulness of heart.

A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

ARE these the famed, the brave South Downs,
That like a chain of pearls appear?
Their pale green sides and graceful crowns;
To freedom, thought, and peace, how dear!
—To freedom, for no fence is seen;
To thought, for silence soothes the way;
To peace, for o'er the boundless green
Unnumber'd flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we've gain'd the utmost height!
Where shall we match the vale below?
The Weald of Sussex, glorious sight
Old Chankbury, from thy tufted brow!
Oaks, British oaks, form all its shade,
Dark as a forest's ample crown;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
And countless spots of harvest brown.

But what's yon southward, dark, blue, line
Along the horizon's utmost bound;
On which the weary clouds recline,
Still varying half the circle round?
The sea! the sea! my GOD! the sea!
Yon sun-beams on its bosom play!
With milk-white sails expanded free,
There ploughs the bark her cheerful way!

I come, I come, my heart beats high;
The green sward stretches southward still;
Soft in the breeze the heath-bells sigh;
Up, up we scale another hill.
A spot where once the eagle tower'd
O'er Albion's green primæval charms;
And where the harmless wild-thyme flower'd
Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.

And here old Sissa, so they tell,
The Saxon monarch, closed his days:
I judge they play'd their parts right well,
But cannot stop to sing their praise.
For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
I see; I taste the coming joy;
There Mary binds the wither'd limb;
The mother tends the poor lame boy.

My heart is there—sleep, Romans, sleep;
And what are Saxon kings to me?
Let me, O thou majestic deep!
Let me descend to love and thee:
And may thy calm, fair-flowing tides,
Bring peace and hope, and bid them live,
And night, whilst wandering by thy side,
Teach wisdom—teach me to forgive.

Then, when my heart is whole again,
And Fancy's renovated wing
Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign;
Strong on my soul those terrors bring.
In infant haunts I 've dream'd of thee;
And where the crystal brook ran by,
Mark'd sands, and waves, and open sea,
And gazed—but with an infant's eye.

'Twas joy to pass the stormy hour
In groves, when childhood knew no more;
Increase that joy, tremendous Power,
Loud let thy world of waters roar!
And if the scene reflection drowns,
Or draws too often rapture's tear,
I 'll stroll me o'er these lovely downs,
And press the turf, and worship here.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS INFANT SON ROBERT.

FAREWELL! my sweet, my budding flower,
My rosy cherub-boy, farewell!
My tortures at thy dying hour,
Thy guardian-angels best can tell!
O, blessings on thee, spotless spirit!
Thy smile was almost heaven to me!
Though still life's troubles I inherit,
Like David, I SHALL GO TO THEE!

THE following little pieces are by Mr. Charles Bloomfield, eldest son of the deceased. The first may prove interesting to many readers, not only from its intrinsic excellence, but from the circumstance, that poor Bloomfield received this agreeable specimen of his son's poetical talent, only just before his own intellectual spark was extinguished. He expressed himself highly gratified, and shed a few sympathetic tears. In a few days after, his reason became obscured, and in less than three weeks he died.

The last of these pieces, by Mr. Charles Bloomfield, will, I hope and trust, speak for itself.

EDITOR.

SONNET TO THE STREAM.

STILL rippling on:—whether the wintry sky
Frowns in reflection from thy crystal bed,
And the drear landscape nakedly is spread
In sullen bleakness to the weary eye:—
Or when, as now, skimm'd by the darting fly
'Mid th' o'erarching shade of full-robed trees,
That wave their proud heads in the summer breeze—
Or at the evening hour, when light winds die
Into the midnight stillness, and the moon
Upon thy margin throws her glittering beam;
Thy silvery current still, with murmuring sound,
Unsullied flows; or if disturbed, as soon
To purity returns; a beauteous stream——
An unexhausted stream, through all the seasons round.

July 1*st*, 1823.

TO A SIGH.

What causeth thee?—for what thou art
The heaving breast bespeaks:—
The index to some silent thought,
Till gathering fulness breaks

The feeble power of self-control;
And thus exposed we see
The workings of the secret soul;—
But what that thought may be

Is still conceal'd:—is it the gleam
Of memory on the past—
The sadder or the brighter theme,
That o'er the mind is cast?

Is it the glowing smile of hope—
The frown of dark despair;
Or disappointment's torturing pang,
That has its station there?

Is it the magic pow'r of love,
That steals with soft surprise
Upon the heart—its hopes and fears—
That bids thee thus to rise?

Thy cause, though hidden, what thou art
The heaving bosom shows:
The channel to some inward thought
As silently it flows.

MORNING.

GREY twilight steals along the eastern sky,
And morn's pale blushing tints still deeper grow;
The joyous lark awakes, and soaring high,
Carols in sunbeams; while the earth below
Is wrapt in dusky shade;—a splendid glow
Of crimson light flushes the early day;
The songs of birds in one wild chorus flow,
As mounts the sun; and quivering in his ray,
The dews of evening fly:—night's shadow rolls away.

CHRISTMAS.

DEAR HANNAH,

'Tis Christmas—and hush'd is the VOICE * of the grove;
The robin approaches man's dwelling, to seek
What the snow-cover'd hills have denied; and the dove
Mourns silently-drooping, a season so bleak.

The trees of the forest their naked arms sway
To the rude hollow wind—while the ivy, the yew,
The dagger-leaf'd holly, the laurel and bay,
With foliage undying, enliven the view.

—'Tis the season, for friends and relations to meet;
Still closer to link, by the pleasures enjoy'd,
Those bonds which endear man to man—making sweet
That life, which, without them, is dreary and void.

—And thus (though the cottager's table be spread
But sparely with dainties, to welcome his neighbours)
In the ring of bright faces his cares are all fled!
'Midst a circle of friends, he forgets all his labours.

* R. B.

Then, as through the keen night-air, the star-spangled
Heav'n
Beams out with a radiance so soothing—so grand,
(Round us though the *dark winds of sorrow* are driven)
May Hope *light* our hearts—and our feelings expand.

Yours,

C. Bloomfield.

Canterbury, Dec. 30, 1823.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS FROM SEVERAL AUTHORS;

WITH

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS,

AND

POETICAL TESTIMONIES,

IN HONOUR OF

THE HARP OF ÆOLUS.

THE motives for printing this pamphlet will, I hope, be as obvious and simple as the instrument of which it treats. I wish for nothing but to show, that men, wiser and abler than myself, have deemed it not unworthy of their particular notice; and at the same time, to convey information to those who may never have turned their thoughts to the subject. I am no musician. I dictate nothing; but, on the contrary, should be much obliged by receiving additional information, or hints for improvement.

ROBT. BLOOMFIELD.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

If we look into Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, we find that "Æolus, the King of Storms and Winds, was the son of Hippotas: he reigned over Æolia*; and because he was the inventor of sails, and a great astronomer, the poets have called him the God of the Wind. It is said that he confined in a bag, and gave Ulysses, all the winds that could blow against his vessel when he returned to Ithaca. The companions of Ulysses untied the bag, and gave the winds their

* This Æolia was either a country of Asia Minor, near the Ægean sea, or the seven islands lying between Sicily and Italy, now called the Lipari islands, which Virgil calls the kingdom of Æolus, the God of Storms and Winds.

liberty. Æolus was indebted to Juno for his royal dignity, according to Virgil."

I am not disposed to covet the powers of this poet-made god, except in one particular, that of confining the wind in a bag; which would be extremely convenient on a sultry summer's day, when not a breath of air is in motion: for, in the confined situation in which I live, surrounded almost by buildings which have started *literally* out of the earth they cover, I often feel regret that, when my friends call, none but Æolus himself can oblige them with the vibration of a single string. But let them take the instrument to their villas, far from the smoke of London, and, though some may be found who will exclaim—

"Most musical, most melancholy;"

I think there will be a far greater proportion who will conceive in its tones the spirit of an anthem, and all the genuine fervour of praise. Yet it is equally true, that I have been jocosely told that Eolian harps

are only adapted to send lazy people to sleep, and to give the unguarded a crick in the neck.

A satisfactory account of this instrument may be found in Sir John Hawkins's "General History of the Science and Practice of Music," published in 1776, in five volumes, 4to.

In a preliminary discourse I find the following information:

"The Harp of Æolus, as it is called, on which so much has been lately said and wrote, was constructed by Kircher above a century ago, and is accurately described in his Musurgia Universalis." And in vol. iv. p. 218, Sir John makes the following remark, together with a translated extract from Kircher's work:

"In book ix, in a chapter entitled *De Sympathia, &c.* Kircher mentions a contrivance of his own, an instrument which a few years ago was obtruded upon the public as a new invention, and called the Harp of Æolus, of which he thus speaks:

"As the following instrument is new, so also is it easy to construct, and pleasant; and is heard in my museum to the great admiration of every one. It is silent as long as the window in which it is placed remains shut, but, as soon as it is opened, behold an harmonious sound on the sudden arises, that astonishes the hearers: for they are not able to perceive from whence the sound proceeds, nor yet what kind of instrument it is, for it resembles neither the sound of a stringed, nor yet of a pneumatic instrument, but partakes of both. The instrument is made of pine wood; it is five palms long, two broad, and one deep; it may contain fifteen or more chords, all equal, and composed of the intestines of animals.

"The method of tuning it now remains, which is not, as in other instruments, by thirds, fourths, fifths, or eighths; but all the chords are to be tuned to an unison, or in octaves. It is very wonderful, and nearly paradoxical, that chords thus tuned

should constitute different harmony. As this musical phenomenon has not as yet been observed by any one that I know of, I shall describe the instrument very minutely, to the end that it may be searched into very narrowly, and the effects produced by it accounted for; but first I shall show the conditions of the instrument, and where it ought to be fixed."

These conditions differ from modern usage; and it is worthy of remark that the length of Kircher's harp (if he called it a harp, for the name seems to be more modern) was but five palms, or fifteen inches; which is not more than half the usual width of our common sashes. That a greater length of string gives a sonorous and organ-like tone to the instrument I know by experience, and therefore conclude that its power and compass are thereby proportionably increased. Perhaps it is not impossible, or unlikely, that improvements may still be made, and its powers called forth in a much higher de-

gree. Kircher goes on to describe a method of conducting the air through the strings of his instrument by means of what he terms valves, or boards so placed as to concentrate the breeze. This method I think too cumbersome and difficult to be practised in a dwelling-house, except a window could be set apart on purpose: but perhaps would answer in a garden, or open situation. I have made no attempt hitherto to reduce it to practice: but as this is intended to be a book of extracts, I shall proceed to another pleasing and circumstantial account of the Eolian harp, to be found in Jones' "Physiological Disquisitions," page 338.—1781.

"It was observed above, that as action and reaction are equal, the effect is the same, whether the sonorous body strikes the air, or the air strikes the sonorous body. In the case of a musical pipe this is plain enough; but it was not so well known, nor could it be so familiarly proved, till of late years, that the air can begin of itself to

produce the effect, and fetch music out of a string, as a string fetches music out of the air. We have now a curious illustration of this fact from the instrument called an Eolian harp. How far the ancients were masters of this experiment is uncertain; but it has long been known that the wind would bring musical sounds from the strings of an instrument. In the Jewish Talmud, where we should scarcely expect to find any thing valuable in philosophy, the wind is reported to have brought music out of the harp of David; which, as it is there said, 'being every midnight constantly blown upon by the north wind, warbled of itself*.'

"The same effect has been alluded to by some of the poets, particularly by our own English poet, Spenser, where, speaking of the visionary harp of Orpheus, he has the following lines:

* Talmud in Berac, folio 6.

"I saw an harp strung all with silver twine;
At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd;
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
Of the strings stirred with the warbling wind."
Spenser's Ruins of Time, III. 2.

"The author of the Principles and Power of Harmony ascribes the invention of what we now call the Eolian harp to Father Kircher; and it may be found in his Phonurgia, p. 148. In Mersennus, who endeavoured to pick up every thing the world could afford him, I see nothing of it. To the best of my knowledge, it was not taken from either of these authors when it was revived of late years in England. When Mr. Pope was translating Homer, he had frequent occasion to consult the Greek commentary of Eustathius; where he met with a passage, in which it was suggested that the blowing of the wind against musical strings would produce harmonious sounds. This was com-

municated to Mr. Oswald, a master of the violoncello, from North Britain, and an ingenious composer in the Scotch style, who himself gave me the following account many years ago, when I was under him as a practitioner in music. When he had received the hint of Mr. Pope's discovery in Eustathius, he determined to try whether he could reduce it to practice. Accordingly, he took an old lute, and put strings upon it; he exposed it to the wind in every manner he could think of; but all without effect. When he was about to give the matter up as a mystery or a fable, he received some encouragement to a farther trial from an accident which happened to a harper on the Thames; who, having his instrument with him in a house-boat, perceived that a favourable stroke of the wind brought some momentary sounds from the strings, as if they had been suddenly touched after that manner, which, from the genius of this instrument, is called *arpeggio*. The man was alarmed

with the accident, and made many trials to procure a repetition of the same sounds from a like turn of the wind, but could never succeed; the music was vanished like an apparition. Upon this ground, however, Mr. Oswald persevered; and it came at last into his mind, that perhaps the strings ought to be exposed to a more confined current of air. With this view he drew up the sash of his chamber-window, so as to let in a shallow stream of air, and exposed his lute to it. In the middle of the night the wind rose, and the instrument sounded; which being heard by the artist, he sprang out of bed to examine all the circumstances of its situation, and noted down every thing with the most scrupulous precision; after which, as the principle was now ascertained, he never failed of the effect*.

* That the effect of the Eolian harp must often have been heard by accident seems undeniable from what I was lately informed of by Mr. Stanley, composer to his Majesty; that two wires, stretched

" The construction of an Eolian harp is very simple. Nothing more is necessary than a long and narrow box of deal, with a thin belly, and eight or ten strings of catgut lightly stretched over two bridges, placed near the extremities, and all tuned in unison. When it plays, the unison itself is plainly heard as the lowest tone, and the combinations of concords, though consisting chiefly of the *harmonic* notes, are by no means confined to them, but change, as the wind is more or less intense, with a variety and sweetness which is past description. I know not how to account for the compass of its notes on the principles of the harmonics but by admitting a new species of sounds, which I call *harmonics of the harmonics;* or, *secondary harmonics.* The sharp seventh is very commonly heard, which, if deduced as an harmonic, must be of the second species, as the 17th of the

across an area before a house at London, had been heard to make very fine music, equal to the best Eolian harp.

12th; as also the 9th, which is as frequently heard, may be taken for the 12th of the 12th; and thus perhaps we may account for all its varieties.

"If we consider the quality of its harmony, it very much resembles that of a chorus of voices at a distance, with all the expressions of the *forte*, the *piano*, and the *swell;* in a word, its harmony is more like to what we might imagine the aërial sounds of magic and enchantment to be, than to artificial music. We may call it, without a metaphor, the music of inspiration.

"With respect to the peculiar nature and causes of this phenomenon, I dare not promise entire satisfaction from my own speculations, being well aware of the difficulty. The principles I shall offer for solving this wonderful effect are founded on the analogy between light and air.

"1. And first I lay it down, that music is in air as colours are in light. When any body inflects the rays of light, or refracts them, it does not give the colours that are

seen, but it makes the light give them; so a sonorous body does not give musical sounds, but makes the air give them.

"2. That as colours are produced by inflections and refractions of the rays of light; so musical sounds are produced by similar refractions of the air. There is no reason to suppose that air is homogeneous in its parts any more than light; and if air consists of heterogeneous parts, they will be differently refrangible, according to their magnitudes, and excite different sounds, as they are accommodated to different vibrations, and capable of different velocities; as the parts of light which are differently refrangible give different colours. The parts of air most refrangible will excite the most acute sounds, and the smallest parts will be most refrangible *.

* This notion concerning the different degrees of subtilty in the parts of air occurred to Mr. Derham; who argued, that as sound moves near 1200 feet in a second, and the most violent wind not more than sixty miles in an hour, which is at the rate of eighty-

"3. That as light shows no particular colour but by means of some other intervening body to separate and modify its rays, so the air yields no particular musical tone without the assistance of some sonorous body to separate its parts, and put them into a vibratory motion.

eight feet in a second, the particles of air which communicate sound must be more subtile than those which constitute the winds. See Hales' Doctr. Son. p. 47. If wind acts by the grosser parts of air, and sound by the finer, this may be a reason why they do not interfere nor disturb one another's motions*.

* The following is taken from an old book published before Sir Isaac Newton received the honour of knighthood.

"Mr. Isaac Newton demonstrates (in prop. 43, book ii. of his Principles) that sounds, because they arise from the tremulous motion of bodies, are nothing else but the propagation of the pulse of the air, and this, he saith, is confirmed by those great tremors that strong and grave sounds excite in bodies round about; as the ringing of bells, noise of cannon, &c.

"And in another place he concludes, that sounds do not consist in the motion of any æther, or finer air, but in the agitation of the whole common air; because he found by experiments, that the motion of sounds depended on the density of the whole air."—Harris' Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, printed in 1704.

R. B.

"4. That as light is refracted into colours, not only on dioptric principles, by passing through a prism of glass, or some other refracting medium, but also by passing near the edge of some solid body which inflects it out of its course; so is the air subject to be refracted by a similar inflection. It would require much time and observation, more than I have had leisure to bestow, to expand this principle into a theory, and confirm it by proper experiments; but the fact seems clear, that sound is produced, and that air becomes *vocal* on this principle of a *refraction*. As the Eolian harp plays by an inflection of a current of air over the edge of an aperture, so the column of air in an organ-pipe becomes vocal by means of a shallow current which strikes against the edge of the aperture, and is thence inflected into the cavity of the pipe. In the German flute also, the breath gives the tone by passing over the edge of the aperture; and according to its intensity, it produces higher or lower tones as the wind

does in the Eolian harp. It would be endless to pursue this effect under all the various shapes in which it appears to us. It is sufficient for our purpose, that we have many instances in which air becomes vocal and musical by suffering a kind of refraction against the edge of some solid bodies; for this is the case with the Eolian harp; the wind passes to the strings of the instrument by the edge of an aperture; whence it is inflected partly at a greater, partly at a lesser angle; and that portion of the current of air which makes a different angle with the plane in which the strings lie, excites a different tone.

"This hypothesis for the solution of Eolian sound, by a refraction of the air, is recommended by an experiment, which demonstrates that such a relation between air and light, as we have here supposed, is not imaginary. For as light when refracted affords us seven colours, and no more; so the air yields seven degrees of sound within the system of the octave; of

which all successive sounds, however multiplied, are but repetitions. I met with this comparison in an ancient English author; but the sagacity of Newton hit upon it in his optical experiments, and he has carried it much further, by showing us that the analogy extends even to the respective intervals of each. The prismatic spectrum, under his accurate examination of it, was found to exhibit the same degrees with the series of tones and semitones in an octave; but they do not answer to the degrees of the octave either in a flat or sharp key, as these keys are commonly now used; because the third is minor and the sixth major. However, these degrees of the optical octave may be justified, and the old masters have composed according to them; of which we have an instance in the old creed of Tallis; and there are many others. The diatonic scale affords us two octaves with the minor third, which differ in their degrees; the one from A to Á, with the minor third and minor sixth; the other

from D to D, with the minor third and major sixth. This latter has the advantage in two respects: First, It is more simple and natural, because the two tetrachords which make up the octave are similar; that is, they both have the hemitone in the same place, as it happens in the two tetrachords of the major key. Second, It leads to a greater variety of modulation; and though the harmonies by some are accounted harsh, yet, in my opinion, they are more stately and pleasing than in the flat key with its two dissimilar tetrachords, as now managed by modern masters; who have entirely dropped the other form, though it has excellencies peculiar to itself, and therefore deserves to be retained.

"The analogy between sounds and colours is very strict, and may be carried very far. In the order of the seven colours, three of them are simple and primary, the *red*, the *yellow*, and the *blue;* so in the seven degrees of the octave, there

are three principal tones which constitute its harmony, the *unison*, the *third*, and the *fifth;* and these have the same places in the series as the three simple colours have in the prismatic spectrum; *red* is in the place of the *unison*, *yellow* in the place of the *third*, and *blue* in the place of the *fifth*. All harmony, though the parts are ever so many, is made up of these three sounds, as all hues are composed of those three colours.

" Upon the whole, the Eolian harp may be considered as an air-prism, for the physical separation of musical sounds. The form of it may be improved, so as to give a farther illustration to the principles I have adopted. Instead of fixing the strings to the outside, I dispose them upon a sounding board, or belly, within side a wooden case, and admit the wind to them through a horizontal aperture, so that the affinity of the instrument to an organ-pipe appears at first sight; and thus it becomes portable and useful any where in the open

air, instead of being confined to the house; which is a great advantage; and it is probable this new form may lead hereafter to some new experiments.

"No person of a musical ear can listen to the Eolian harp without discovering that the sound varies with the *intensity* of the wind. The unison with a sudden gust will change immediately into the octave on the same string; which happens in other instruments: the common and German flutes give the octaves with a more intense blast of the breath. What seemed to me most inexplicable of all was this, that if the Eolian harp is exposed to the air with a single string, that string, without any change in its situation, will be heard to sound all the harmonic notes, which are seven or eight, besides the unison; and several of them will be heard at the same time. When many strings, which the wind meets at different angles, sound together, we have not only the harmonics of the unison variously produced, but

harmonics of the harmonics, as above-mentioned."

Mr. Jones has given plates to illustrate his subject, and mentions, in a note, that, of his portable harp, he sent a model, on a small scale, to Messrs. Longman and Broderip, with orders for its being constructed for sale. Although I have never seen one of that construction, I readily perceive the advantages which he ascribes to them, and hope some day to prove it by experience.

The harps I have hitherto made have been, though of greater length, on the same principle with those seen at the music shops; but, where circumstances would admit of it, I have endeavoured to divide the strings into separate octaves. I have however proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that the top, or covering board, is of little use, if any, and that the strings ought to catch the wind in an inclination more approaching to a perpendicular than to a horizontal level. For this reason, I

suppose, I find the instrument, when placed with the strings towards the window, always performs better than in the usual position.

Strings covered with silver wire I have tried in various ways, but am not prepared to say whether they perform their part. Perhaps the metallic covering is not adapted to the action of the breeze. Strings covered with oil will not sound. Silk strings will give a most delicate tone, but I never yet could make them stand to their tension.

I have tried catgut about the size, or larger than the third string of the violin, but being strained to only the width of a common sash, they appeared to want *length* in proportion to their *diameter*, and therefore I conclude, that could such strings be placed at the length of eight or ten feet, so as to catch a current of wind, the effect would be increased proportionably. But as I am no musician, I advance this conjecture with diffidence, remembering that I have been repeatedly disappointed in

my expectations, and as often found results that have been beyond my comprehension.

Dr. Smollet, in the heyday of his strange imagination, has given the following description of this instrument in his Count Fathom, vol. i.

"Some years ago, a twelve-stringed instrument was contrived by a very ingenious musician, by whom it was aptly entitled the harp of Eolus*; because, being properly applied to a stream of air, it produces a wild, irregular variety of harmonious sounds, that seem to be the effect of enchantment, and wonderfully dispose the mind for the most romantic situations.

"The strings no sooner felt the impression of the balmy zephyr, than they began to pour forth a stream of melody more ravishingly delightful than the song of Philomel, the warbling brook, and all the con-

* Most probably he alludes to Mr. Oswald, a better account of whom we have just given, by Mr. Jones.

cert of the wood. The soft and tender notes of peace and love were swelled up with the most delicate and insensible transition, into a loud hymn of triumph and exultation, joined by the deep-toned organ, and a full choir of voices, which gradually decayed upon the ear until it died away in distant sound, as if a flight of angels had raised the song in their ascent to heaven.

"Yet the chords hardly ceased to vibrate after the expiration of this overture, which ushered in a composition in the same pathetic style; and this again was succeeded by a third, almost without pause or intermission, as if the artist's hand had been indefatigable, and the theme never to be exhausted.

"His heart must be quite callous, and his ear lost to all distinction, who could hear such harmony without emotion."

I question whether this music, which Smollet so truly describes, was ever, or ever will be used for the villanous purpose

which he has recorded in his novel. It deserves much higher employment. It will be observed that Smollet deemed the thing *of modern invention*, and as he died, I believe, in 1771, five years before the publication of Sir John Hawkins's work, the latter was right when he calls it "an instrument which has been obtruded on the public as a new invention," &c. and did justice to Kircher, the oldest claimant on the subject.

The following observations appeared a few years since in a periodical work, and are, I believe, from the pen of Charles Bucke, Esq.

"As nothing can be deemed natural but what proceeds from the actual principles of nature, we may safely pronounce the Eolian lyre to be the only natural instrument of emitting harmony. Other instruments, sending forth sounds by the assistance of the fingers, or by some other mechanical means, may be consequently termed artificial. This affords another in-

stance of the truth of the old-established adage, that Simplicity is the nearest relative of Beauty, since the Eolian harp is the 'most musical, most melancholy,' and most bewitching of all melodies.

"Of the antiquity of this instrument it is difficult to decide: it had slept about a hundred years when it was accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

"It has been asserted (by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music, v. iv. b. 2. c. b. p. 221, and by Mr. Jones in his Physiological Disquisitions, p. 338) that this instrument was invented by Father Kircher, and this statement has been generally adopted as true: it appears however that Kircher was not the inventor; neither does he himself assume that merit; but says, in express terms, that the reason he is so particular in enlarging upon it is, *because no one had given any description of it before* (De Sympathiæ et Antipathiæ Sonorum ratione, b. ix.).—The knowledge of the operation of air upon strings is doubt-

less of very high antiquity; allusions are made to it in the Talmud and Eustathius, and an anecdote from Lucian will sufficiently illustrate the remark.

" 'When the Thracian Bacchanals tore Orpheus piecemeal, report says, that his harp was thrown into the river Hebrus, with his bleeding head upon it. The harp, touched with the wind, breathed forth a solemn strain. Still swimming down the Egean sea, the mournful concert arrived at Lesbos, where the inhabitants, taking them up, buried the head where now stands the Temple of Bacchus, and suspended the lyre in the Temple of Apollo*.'

" Descending to a later period, we find Ossian observing the same enchanting effect:

" 'The blast came rustling through the hall, and gently touched my harp;—the

* To this incident Spenser alludes in a beautiful passage of his Ruins of Time.

sound was mournful and low, like the song of the tomb.' *Darthula.*

"Again in *Berrathon.*

"'My harp hangs on a blasted branch; the sound of its strings is mournful. Does the wind touch thee, oh harp! or is it some passing ghost?'

"It were impossible not to believe the romantic circumstance of the statue of Memnon, which

> . . . . . at the quivering touch
> Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
> Consenting, sounded through the trembling air
> Unbidden strains*,

when supported by such authorities as Pliny, Juvenal, Pausanius, and Strabo: the fact is too well authenticated to be doubted.

"The art by which it was managed still remains an enigma, notwithstanding many ingenious solutions. We are to consider,

* Akenside, b. i.

in the first place, that sounds were not emitted from the mouth of that statue in the morning only; authority states that they likewise proceeded at other times; the morning was, however, the more favourable, as the breezes which rise at the dawn of day from the Nile might catch certain strings artfully placed in the throat of the image, and cause them to send forth those plaintive melodies which the ancients so frequently mention.

" Whatever be its age, it is a most enchanting instrument, and bringing out all the tones in full concert, sometimes sinking them to the softest murmurs, and feeling for every tone, by its gradations of strength, it solicits those gradations of sound which art has taken such various methods to produce*.

" The influence of this instrument upon the heart is truly pleasing: it disposes the mind to solemn, tender, and pathetic emo-

* Acoustics, ch. i.

tion; and, winning upon the imagination, strikes the heart with its simplicity, and leaves it resting in all the pure delights of a pleasing melancholy.

SONNET.

" Music of nature! emblem of each sphere!
How sweetly tranquil does my pensive soul,
At dewy eve, thy warbling murmurs hear,
When sooth'd to tenderness thy measures roll;
Sometimes more loud, and now yet louder still,
Sometimes more distant, and again more near,
Waking soft echoes, and, with magic skill,
Swelling the eye with a luxurious tear.
Delightful flutterings! hovering toward the sky,
Ten thousand Sylphs, on lightest pinions borne,
To realms ethereal on your murmurs fly,
And waked to melancholy feelings, mourn,
Nature's best music! since thy simple strain
Lulls to repose each transitory pain."

I subjoin an interesting extract from the French voyage undertaken in search of the unfortunate Pérouse, which, though it has nothing to do with the vibration of a string,

is at the same time so strictly nature's music, that it deserves a place where we are following the vagaries of Æolus. When at the Dutch island of Amboyna, in September, 1792, the author says,

"Being upon the beach, I heard the sound of wind instruments, the harmony of which was sometimes very just, and blended with dissonances by no means displeasing. Those fine and harmonious sounds seemed to come from such a distance as to make me believe, for some time, that the natives were entertaining themselves with their music, on the other side of the road, and near five thousand toises from the place where I stood. My ear was much deceived as to the distance, for I was not fifty toises from the instrument. It was a bamboo, at least sixty feet in height, fixed in a vertical position, close to the sea. Between every joint was a hole near an inch and two-tenths long, and somewhat above half an inch broad. These holes formed so many mouths, which, by

the action of the wind, emitted agreeable and varied sounds. As the joints of this long bamboo were very numerous, care had been taken to pierce it in different directions; so that, from whatever point the wind blew, it always meets with some holes. The sound of this instrument more nearly resembles that of the harmonica than any other to which I can compare it."

Can it be wondered at, that the harp of Æolus, affording music as wild and as ungovernable as imagination itself, should at all times have been a favourite with the poets? And if ten men are enamoured of the same thing, and describe it with a feeling mind and appropriate language, can it be wonderful that their verses should exhibit a similarity? For myself, I have always been drawn irresistibly to esteem that description the most true and most delightful, which Thomson has given in his "Castle of Indolence," which is therefore placed first of the poetical testimonies which I have been able to collect.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more
Than sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;
From which, with airy, flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
The God of Winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence with just cause the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
Who, up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine;
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breathed, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver, sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic bands an hymn impart,
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

Thomson has likewise written the following lines on the same subject, and there is little doubt but he felt what he wrote.

ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart;
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid
Who died of love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone:
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he, the sacred Bard *, who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

* Jeremiah.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
And to such sadly-solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to sooth a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise:
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

That very extraordinary young man, the late H. K. White of Nottingham, has left us the following sonnet:

ON HEARING THE SOUND OF AN EOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust it did career,
It might have sooth'd his rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr,—then it died,
Melting in melody,—and I descried,
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of Druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the hapless pilgrim's knell,
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such as, 'tis said, at night, are known to swell
By startled shepherd on the lonely heath,
Keeping his night-watch sad! portending death!"

Mr. Mason thought a harp, which appears to have been constructed by his own hands, worthy of an ode; and a note

attached to the piece is worth remarking, as its statement of the question of its invention agrees with that given by Sir John Hawkins.

ODE TO AN ÆOLUS'S HARP*.

SENT TO MISS SHEPHERD.

YES, magic lyre! now all complete,
Thy slender frame responsive rings,
While kindred notes, with undulations sweet,
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
Go then to her, whose soft request
Bade my blest hands thy form prepare;
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
With many a warble wild and artless air.

For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The slumbering fair shall place thee near her head,
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.

* This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his Musurgia Universalis, &c. After having been neglected above a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

Then shall the Sylphs and Sylphids bright,
Mild Genii all, to whose high care
Her virgin charms are given, in circling flight
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.

Some, fluttering through thy trembling strings,
Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
And lightly brush thee with their purple wings,
To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
While others check each ruder gale,
Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
Save such as softly pant, and panting die.

Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
Shall paint bright visions on her raptured eyes,
And waft her spirits to enchanted ground;
To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
In which some favourite youth shall rove,
And meet and lead her through the glittering scenes,
And all be music, ecstasy, and love.

Mason's Poems, fourth edition, 1774.

" Most pleasant warble thy wild flying notes,
Sweet, simple instrument!—O, I could pause
Beneath some thick-wove canopy of elms,
To hear thy music e'en from morn, till night
Should spread her thickest veil: ah! then 'tis
sweet
To hear thy soft sighs melancholy breathe
As the mild zephyr flutters o'er thy strings
On silken pinions. . . . . .
. . . . . Hark! now a pensive lay,
That wakes the soul to sympathy and love,
Steals on my watchful ear! It dies away
In soft faint murmur . . . . now again 'tis high!
And, swelling loud and louder, in bold notes
Peals forth the anthem, or the choral song
Of steel-clad heroes. Now so sweet the sound,
That fancy thinks no mortal touch can make
Such harmony divine—but deems they flow
From the full choir of celestial harps,
Attuned by seraphs in the realms of love,
To praise their Maker! . . . . . .
. . . . . Ah! were it mine to dwell
Far, far retired from the busy throng,
In vine-clad cottage—or at noon or eve,

Thy murmurs mingling with the moss-fringed
brook
Should lull my soul to happiness and peace!"
Goodwin.

Mr. Dibdin, amongst the multiplicity of his excellent songs, has one entitled "The Eolian Harp," the music to which is a fine imitation of the wild notes of the instrument: the first verse of the song runs thus:

Amphion's lute and Orpheus' lyre
Pleased amateurs of yore;
Loud harps our amateurs inspire,
And those are heard no more.
Harps that assist each female charm,
The snowy hand, the rounded arm;
That turn with more than mortal grace
The stately neck and lovely face,
As rapidly the fingers trace
Each natural, flat, and sharp.

But, more the senses to ensnare,
Give me the soft melodious strain

That gently floats upon the air,
That all can feel, but none explain,
Sounds that the ear so smoothly greet
From the celestial self-play'd sweet
Eolian Harp.

A lady of the present day, whose writings continue to interest and amend the heart, once turned her attention to the instrument of which we are treating, and has given us

STANZAS

WRITTEN UNDER ÆOLUS'S HARP.

Come ye whose hearts the tyrant sorrows wound;
Come ye whose breasts the tyrant passions tear,
And seek this harp,—in whose still-varying sound
Each woe its own appropriate plaint may hear.

Solemn and slow yon murmuring cadence rolls,
Till on th' attentive ear it dies away,—
To your fond griefs responsive ye, whose souls
O'er loved lost friends regret's sad tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progression move
Yon silver sounds, and mingle as they fall;—
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, O Love,
And into warmer life thy feelings call?

Again it speaks;—but shrill and swift, the tones
In wild disorder strike upon the ear:
Pale Frenzy listens,—kindred wildness owns,
And starts appall'd the well known sounds to hear:

Lo! e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In deep delight, his vocal wires attend,—
Silent and breathless watch the varying strain,
And pleased, the vacant toils of mirth suspend.

So, when the lute on Memnon's statue hung,
At day's first rising strains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands, the gathering throng
In silent wonder listen'd and adored.

But the wild cadence of these trembling strings
The enchantress Fancy with most rapture hears;
At the sweet sound to grasp her wand she springs,
And lo! her band of airy shapes appears.

She, rapt enthusiast, thinks the melting strains
A choir of angels breathe, in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds, to yon blue plains,
A soul just parted from its silent clay.

And oft at eve her wild creative eye
Sees to the gale their silken pinions stream,
While in the quivering trees soft zephyrs sigh,
And through the leaves disclose the moon's pale beam.

O breathing instrument! be ever near
While to the pensive muse my vows I pay;
Thy softest call the inmost soul can hear,
Thy faintest breath can Fancy's pinions play.

And when art's labour'd strains my feelings tire,
To seek thy simple music shall be mine;
I'll strive to win its graces to my lyre,
And make my plaintive lays enchant like thine.

MRS. OPIE.

After the foregoing descriptions, who could hope to illustrate poetically the properties of this instrument in a new way*?

* See Poetical Fragments, page 62.

and yet I have seen other pieces, of uncommon merit, on the same subject; and one particularly from the pen of a lady*,

* Mrs. Park, whose tributary poem may now be introduced without any other sensation than that of tender regret, since both the writer and receiver are now beyond the reach of human praise or blame.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN EOLIAN HARP,

CONSTRUCTED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

WHAT magic sweetness charms my raptured ear,
Like choirs of airy spirits heard on high?
Now as some cherub voice each note is clear,
Now swells into celestial harmony.
'Tis charmed zephyr wakes the varied sound,
As o'er each string he breathes a trembling kiss,
His viewless pinion wafts the music round,
Whose chords are ecstasy, whose close is bliss!
Oh, sweetly raise thy more than mortal tone
To him who gave thy frame melodious birth,
The Bard whom Nature greets as all her own,
And Virtue honours for his inborn worth:
For him, sweet harp! thy dulcet strains prolong,
Since pure and artless is, like thine, his song.

MARIA HESTER PARK.

Hampstead,
March, 1806.

which I omit with unfeigned regret. Its insertion *here* would be the most unpardonable self-praise. Its omission will be excused by the party, and there are several others in the like predicament *.

I therefore know of nothing which would form so appropriate a close to this collection as the following verses, printed at the end of an edition of "Bruce's Poems on several Occasions." Edinburgh, 1796.

ON HEARING AN EOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MR. C——, A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION A FEW DAYS AFTER WRITING THEM.

1.

YE heavenly sounds! enchanting notes!
That swell the whispering breeze;
Say, whence your soft complaining airs,
Your magic power to please!

* See the last note.

2.

Are ye some fairy, tiny voice,
That by the glow-worm's light,
At lonely hours, your vigils keep,
Unmark'd by mortal sight?

3.

Are ye some nymph of ancient time,
Like Echo's hapless maid,
In plaintive songs, that woo'd your love
Till changed into a shade?

4.

Or are ye Ossian's passing ghost,
That thus the midnight cheers,
And to the fair Malvina turns
The tale of other years?

5.

Sweet sounds! that melt the soul to love,
My senses captive take,
Soft as the Cygnet's dying voice
That's wafted from the lake.

†

6.

Oh! cease not to my list'ning ear,
Still tune your heavenly lay,
And by your strains my raptured soul
To paradise convey.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

POETICAL TRIBUTES

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of "The Farmer's Boy," &c. &c.

SWEET poet of the Mead! whose artless Muse,
To Virtue sacred, and to Genius dear,
Robed the bright landscape in unfading hues,
And sang the beauties of the varying year:
Long as the wild thrush carols through the wood;
Long as the plough-share cleaves th' indented lea;
So long thy strains shall charm the wise and good,
And Fame shall twine her fairest wreaths for thee.

This be thy glory:—not that Nature's powers
Thy fancy kindled at her sacred shrine;—
Not that she bade thee sing her rosy bowers,
And breathed a soul along each flowing line,—
But that, by Virtue's holy flame refined,
Thy *pages* but reflect the beauties of thy *mind*.

From Poems by John Dawes Worgan, of Bristol, posthumously published in 1810; *ob. July* 25, 1809; *æt.* 19.

Sweet rural Bard! whose magic numbers claim
A wreath of laurel from the shrine of Fame;
No venal flatt'ry swells my youthful line;
Immortal praise attends such powers as thine.
When on thy page with rapt'rous eyes I pore,
The more I read, I still admire the more;
Such natural scenes, in simple words express'd,
Arouse the dormant feelings of the breast;
Till wrapt, at length, in Fancy's fairy maze,
I view the charms thy plaintive muse portrays.
O blest Elysium!—O delightful hours!
When thus my soul, inspired by Fancy's powers,
Glides o'er the scenes, to memory ever dear,
And drops in silence the expressive tear.

Thanks, heavenly bard! for 'tis to thee I owe
This fleeting solace of corroding woe.—
Though death shall call thee to eternal rest,
Thou still shalt live in every feeling breast.
The rustic muse shall court the woodland gloom,
And weave fresh garlands for thy sacred tomb;
And oft extended by the wildwood tree,
Bid the young zephyr waft her sighs to thee.
The love-sick shepherd by the pale moon's beam,
Along the windings of some haunted stream,
In pensive mood, the whispering reeds among,
Shall tune his soft lute to thy plaintive song;
Whilst sportive echo, from her moss-clad cave,
Shall spread its murmurs o'er the silvery wave.
Thy genius, Bloomfield, all may well admire,
And hear with rapture thy ecstatic lyre;
I feel its warmth, but ah! my humble lays
Are far too feeble to express its praise;
Oblivion soon will whelm my plausive line,
Whilst Fame, immortal, triumphs over thine.

FORTESCUE HITCHINS.

March 25th, 1802.

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

On his Intention of bringing forward a second Volume of Poems, by the incomparable Author of "The Farmer's Boy."

O FAIREST of the race divine!
Too long by fortune's power depress'd,—
Transcendent Genius! thou shalt shine
In ever-beaming glories dress'd;
From Grecian or from Latian bowers
A wandering exile, hither haste,
For though the western tempest lours,
By thee, unfelt, shall drive the blast:
O, doubly welcome, hither come,
And make the British vales thy home!

What though th' Arcadian age be past,
And shepherds, 'midst their myrtle groves,
With silver crook no longer graced,
Attune their pipes, and chant their loves;
In ruder scenes, to Fame unknown,
Her tenderest sons, on Nature's breast,
Have raised such strains as thou may'st own
In happier days, in climes more blest:

Then come—for lo! the storms are o'er;
Enjoy thy harp, and mourn no more.

Now greatness hears the rural lay,
And stoops th' uncultured bard to raise
Nor prejudice obstructs the way
In which the tuneful wanderer strays:—
Thou, friend of worth, by thee upled,
O Lofft! Parnassus' steep he climbs;
Pursue the task, while round thy head
He twines a wreath for future times:
His kind Mecænas ever be—
A Virgil he shall prove to thee.

W. H.

TO ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of "The Farmer's Boy."

Sweet are the warblings of the vernal choir
When love's soft impulse glows in every vein:
But sweeter far the music of thy strain:
Thy ardent bosom owns a nobler fire,
O gentle poet of the rural lyre!
Thy verse is crown'd with indeciduous bays;
Fair nature views her mirror in thy lays.

What forms celestial o'er my vision play?
What choral symphonies salute my ear?
Hark! 'tis the muses from th' ethereal sphere.
They chant the praises of thy Doric lay:—
Come, thou pride of rural song,
Sweep again the trembling wire:
Far from life's tumultuous throng
Tune thy sweetly plaintive lyre.
Where meandering currents stray,
Heav'n-reflecting crystal floods;
Where the gentle zephyrs play,
Whispering through the vernal woods.
Spring for thee shall weave a wreath
Of all her fairest, sweetest flowers;
Summer stay his fervid breath,
Or shield thee in umbrageous bowers.
For thee shall Autumn's nectar flow,
His golden fruit thy table spread;
And Winter's ruffian blasts shall blow,
Innocuous, o'er thy humble bed.

T. B——R.

EPISTLE

From Roger Coulter, of Dorsetshire, to his friend Giles Bloomfield, the Suffolk Farmer's Boy.

VRIEND GILES,

WHEN vust I heard thy tunevul voice,
I stood ameaz'd, an' star'd, and gap'd awoy :—
That can't be Stephen, Ned, nor Hodge, I cried;
When zome oone zaid—" why, that's the Zuffolk Buoy."
An' presently the nightingeale begun,
Linnards an' gooldvinges, wi' envious droats *,
An' e'en the magpye an' the chatt'ring jea †,
Meade the thick copses echo wi' their notes;
The very cows vorgot to chaw the quid ‡;
The sheep stopt nibbling, an' glaw'd § aall aroun';
The children ploying at the barkon-geate ‖,
Stood pleas'd, an' hearken'd to the mellow zoun.
I sometimes bit my lips wi' very spite,
To thenk a stranger Buoy shou'd zing zoo well,
That Dooset ¶ shou'd produce thich stupid louts,
To let a Zuffolk clown bear off the bell—

* Threats. † Jay. ‡ Chew the cud. § Stared.
‖ Barton Gate. ¶ Dorset.

That dukes an' loordes shou'd coourt his company.
An' ladies too, for hobnail'd Giles shou'd zend,
To clouter o'er their parlor vlours—alack!—
But thic' good measter—what d'ye caall's *—
his friend.
An' then agen, wi' ready ears I ston,
An' long bout Ixwo'th's poor mad moid to hear,
Thy disappointments at the clod-wall'd hut,
An' in the moon-sheen leane thy nashion vear.
With aall thy wit, thou canst not teach thy art—
Else, if I know'd that sich a theng cou'd be,
I'd drow off sheame (I ben't as yet too wold)
An', Giles, I'd come an' learne to zing o' thee.
Thine, &c.
ROGER COULTER.

SONNET

To the Author of the Farmer's Boy, on the birth of his second son †.

HERE at my ease, which rare unmix'd I know,—
If aught may breathe from Cam's muse-favour'd
stream,
And the bright star of evening's favouring beam,

* Capell Lofft.

† Baptized after the name of his father, at the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

And suns long absent, which now purest glow,—
Robert, to thee a lay should happier flow,
  Exulting in a most propitious theme,
  Now life's new dawnings on thy infant gleam,
And at thy name conferr'd, hope's livelier glow.

But, Bloomfield, whatsoe'er thy sons may be,
  (And nature's kindest gifts may well be theirs),
  Might they be such as Cam delighted bears
To heaven, and touch the pastoral reed like thee,
  Hadst thou no female offspring, still thy mind
  Much imperfection in thy bliss would find.

C. Lofft.

Cambridge, 2d Feb. 1804.

TO R. BLOOMFIELD,

On his Poem entitled "Good Tidings, &c."

From age to age, through every realm and clime,
"To the last period of recorded time,"
Has fate decreed the tide of Grecian song,
And Latian melody to pour along:
But why should the proud lyre alone disclose
The mournful history of human woes;
While o'er subverted thrones, imperial tombs,
And desolated states, the laurel blooms?

Well! we have lived to hear a peasant's lay,
Of happier import, celebrate the day,
In which benevolence with science join'd,
Shower their united blessings on mankind;
And, though the hostile storm around us lours,
And the wide-wasting sword of war devours,
Fly to repair its ravages, and save
The infant generations from the grave,—
Wipe the warm starting tear from beauty's eye,
And bid a suffering world restrain the sigh.

Sweet are thy wild notes, Bloomfield, to my ear,
Their import—O, to sympathy how dear!
Not e'en the Grecian or the Roman strain
With such "good tidings" can the soul detain.
Thine is the privilege, with rapture high,
To sing the triumphs of Humanity,
Whose form effulgent through life's shade appears,
And in each hand a wreath immortal bears.
To Jenner *this* the goddess shall decree,
And *that*—untutor'd child of song, to thee!
Posterity shall ratify thy fame,
Proud of the Poet's as the Patriot's name.

H.

The following verses were written and presented to Mr. Bloomfield by a journeyman carpenter,—name unknown.

EDITOR.

TO MR. R. BLOOMFIELD,

Author of the Farmer's Boy, Songs, Ballads, &c.

DEAR Bloomfield, I have read, with secret joy,
Your Songs and Ballads, and your Farmer's Boy,
And mark'd their beauties too,
That shine like gold divested of alloy,
Or gems of brightest hue.

But ere I try to make my raptures known,
Or call the Muses from their radiant throne
My bosom to inspire;
With grateful heart I cheerfully will own
What friendship might require.

Then know, sweet Bard, when first the voice of Fame
Convey'd to me your merits and your name,
A female bore the tale;
Thy Songs and Ballads, she did loud proclaim,
To please me could not fail.

I caught thy sweets from her unclouded taste,
Herself so sweet, so simple, and so chaste,
I could not doubt thy power;
I ran to purchase, and with eager haste
Survey'd thy beauties o'er.

Ye powers of fancy, guide my roving pen,
To mark the ecstasies unknown till then,
That did my soul pervade!
Enrapt in wonder, soaring out of ken,
I read thy "Miller's Maid!"

Entranced a while in such ecstatic bliss,
My feeling heart to feeling was remiss,
My joys were scarcely mine;
Let rapture paint, for words can ne'er express,
Such ecstasy divine!

Less transport swell'd the youthful hero's breast,
When high enthroned at Persia's royal feast,
Timotheus, with his lyre,
Or shook his frame, or soothed his soul to rest,
Or kindled soft desire!

When Thais, lovely as the op'ning rose,
Did by his side her full blown charms disclose,
And music, love, and wine,
To yield him pleasure, and subdue his foes,
Did all at once combine!

My joys were of a more substantial kind
Than those that fired the mighty hero's mind,
And far more lasting too;
For those get stale, however close combined,
But mine are ever new.

And like the joys from virtuous acts that flow!
And like the joys that heighten friendship's glow!
And like the joys of heaven!
Such joy, O Bloomfield! I would have thee know,
Thy works to me have given!

I feel the powers of thy resistless lyre
Transport my heart, and set my soul on fire!
And rising into flame;
I read, I mark, I wonder, and admire,
Till rapture shakes my frame!

Some grov'ling souls, who live but to degrade
The powers of nature, and the fost'ring aid
Of pity's mildest beam,
May doubt the feelings that my heart pervade,
And say 'tis all a dream.

If 'tis a dream, O may I ne'er awake!
May night's thick glooms the twilight overtake!
O'erwhelm the rising sun!
No demon-spell the midnight silence break,
But Morpheus reign alone!

Then not for you, ye callous, grov'ling crew,
But for the tender sympathetic few
Who love the "Farmer's Boy,"
Do I my wakeful rhapsodies renew,
And string the harp of joy.

A thousand beauties meet harmonious here!
Ten thousand graces in their train appear!
And emulous combine,
With heav'nly sounds, to meet the ravish'd ear,
And stamp the whole divine!

To name the beauties of thy varied lays,
And give to each an ample share of praise,
Thy ev'ry thought to scan,
And crown thy head with never-fading bays,
Would far exceed my plan:

Exceed my plan, but not my wish, I own,—
For could I stedfast at the Muse's throne
Erect my standard high,
My dauntless prowess I would still make known,
And ev'ry foe defy.

I 'd clear the way for Bloomfield's tow'ring fame;
I 'd make the skies reverberate his name!
Terrestrial space should ring!
Till joy itself should kindle into flame,
And ev'ry voice should sing!

Till every harp should instantly be strung,
And every flute that carelessly had hung
On willow, birch, or briar,
Should be resumed, and symphonies unsung
Should every bosom fire!

But, O sweet Bard! since nature has denied
Those powers to me that in thy breast preside,
Expect no farther aid;
But in thy own unrivall'd powers confide,
Nor ever be afraid.

For Malice, Envy, Scorn itself shall die,
And every foe, of low estate or high,
Fall prostrate at thy feet,
Whilst thou shalt live, and, vaulting to the sky,
Resume thy native seat!

Yet well I know in language more profuse
I might portray thy elevated views,
Did Fancy hold the rein;
But this shy goddess quits my humble muse,
And all my art is vain.

Thus hush'd to silence, pensive I resign
The homely wreath I labour'd to entwine,
And lay it at thy feet,
In hope some more seraphic muse than mine
May render it complete.

And on thy head, with sweet ideal grace,
The deathless token of thy merit place,
And loud resound thy name;
Till conscious Earth, throughout her ample space,
Shall echo with the same.

Yet one loved name may necessary seem,
Before I quit the soul-enliv'ning theme,
May Fame resound it oft,
And num'rous lays with num'rous plaudits teem
To thy great patron, Lofft!

Whose taste, whose judgment, whose exalted worth
Were lent to call thy latent beauties forth,
And hold them up to Fame;
Whose taste, whose judgment gave a noble birth
To thy plebeian name.

O could I mount on eagle-pinions high,
I 'd mark his worth with letters on the sky,
Indelible and clear!
Such as might catch the sympathetic eye,
To love and friendship dear.

But stop, my muse, thy rhapsodies restrain,
Thy rambling impulse is but weak and vain,
His fame transcends thy lays;
And hills and dales, while sense and worth remain,
Will echo with his praise!

And still where Bloomfield's deathless name is
known,
His gen'rous patron's every tongue shall own;
And praise without alloy
Shall still ascend to Friendship's azure throne,
In thrilling notes of joy!

Till Friendship, Love, and Sympathy divine,
And soft-eyed Pity, shedding tears benign,
The world no more shall sever;
But Lofft's great name with honor'd Bloomfield's
join
In closest ties for ever.

So now farewell, thou chaste mellifluous Bard,
May adverse fortune never more retard
Thy genius so excelling—
But Fame extol, and merit meet reward,
And Peace surround thy dwelling.

And may the partner of thy honest cares,
And every pledge of love thy name that bears,
Be found at once possessing
The virtues that the husband, father, shares,
And every earthly blessing;

Till days and years shall mete to them and thee
The longest bliss that mortals here can see;
Till influence supernal
Shall waft your souls from joys of low degree
To life and joys eternal!

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing "Flowerdew's Poems" upon the same shelf with the "Farmer's Boy" at Bloomfield's Cottage.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

THOUGH scant be the poet's domain,
Most ample, I know, is his mind;
The applauses of all he can gain,
His applauses to none are confined:
Hence even his book-stored retreat
This liberal thought seems to yield—
That the *dew* on a *flower* may be sweet,
Though it match not the *bloom* of a *field*.

June 12, 1820.

SIR,

The sensations which naturally arise in the bosom when addressing those whose virtues or genius raise them above the level of mankind, fill the mind with a mixture of reverence and love: and never were these sensations felt in greater purity than by the authors of the "Lyre of St. Crispin" when addressing a man, whose writings

and life have given to the Crispin name one of its strongest claims to respectability.

The celebrated author of the "Farmer's Boy" will not despise the humble efforts of two shopmates, who, struggling under the disadvantages consequent to the situation of life in which they are placed, apply to a generous public for that assistance to rise, by which alone unfriended genius can challenge public notice.

Grateful for any assistance you may think proper to give us in forwarding our publication, we remain with respect,

Sir, your warm admirers,
and devoted humble servants,
JAMES DEVLIN,
JOHN O'NEILL.

SONNET,

TO MR. BLOOMFIELD, WITH PROSPECTUS.

SWEET bard of nature, at whose soft command
Each joyous season spreads her latent store;
Spring's infant beauties, summer's radiance bland,
Autumn's full ripeness, and bleak winter's roar.

With fond delight still o'er thy page we pore,
Not that each charm within thy numbers blend;

The heart's warm impulse whispers something more;
Whispers,—oh, were the simple Giles our friend!

But ah! what could we offer to commend
Us, to the notice of the favour'd Giles?
On whom the praise of nations still descend,
On whose sweet page the eye of beauty smiles;
Save that, like him, we bear the Crispin name,
And, like him, strive to soar, by honest arts to Fame.

TO MR. BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT,

They say (but is it true?)
Though strange it seem to me and you,
That they who "build the lofty rhyme"
Must mount on scaffolding sublime,
And bid their Babel-castle rise,
To hide its summit in the skies!
But O! in our poetic land,
What numbers build upon the sand,
Where Nature never, on th' occasion,
Furnish'd fit ground for the foundation.
Though high amid the whirling clouds
Obscure, its head the turret shrouds
Beyond the ken of vulgar eyes,—
Above where sense or reason flies!—

The critics undermine the walls,
And down the puny structure falls:
You see the reason plain enough,
The dotards build with *foreign stuff*,
That ill can brave the tooth of Time,
Or rigours of our northern clime.
Well, neighbour! as for me and you,
Let us our humbler plan pursue:
Still on some fav'rite spot to build—
Our native vales materials yield.—
Not cedar plank, or Parian stone,
Such as your proud projectors own,
But temper'd clay, of various hues,
And flints, which rustic workmen choose.
Good English oak, such as the trade
Used when your *ancient board** was made;
And every harvest will supply
New thatch, to keep the building dry.
High o'er the roof majestic trees
Should rustle in the rising breeze,
And sweet-briar green, white-flow'ring thorn,
And woodbine wreaths, the walls adorn:
Its purlieus round prolific swine,
Poultry, and balmy breathing kine.
A lowly pile! but yet secure
From tempests, it may long endure

* Oak table.

To please a few choice friends, and those
Who sigh for quiet and repose,
Though witlings sneer, and pedants frown,
And critics strive to pull it down.

W. HOLLOWAY.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

Author of the Farmer's Boy, &c.

BY AN OLD FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR.

Bloomfield!—shall he be silent who so long
Shared in thy rural walks, and loved thy song?—
Who oft upon thine "Old Oak table" lean'd,
And all its history from thy converse glean'd,
While thine Eolian harp's* melodious chime
In soft accordance, echo'd to thy rhyme—
Now thy sweet syrinx in the dust is laid
With thee, beneath thy drooping "Wild Flow'r's" shade;
Shall he, who call'd thee neighbour once, and friend,—
Now all thy joys and sorrows have an end,—
Be silent? No!—It must not, cannot be,
Though rude that lay, one lay is due to thee:

* Bloomfield was an admirer of, and manufactured many curious Eolian harps.

For he can witness to thy virtues mild,
Nature's fond bard, and unassuming child!
If e'er simplicity and moral worth
The tear of genuine sympathy call'd forth,
Thou hast a claim on every feeling heart,
Beyond the feignings of unmeaning art.
While more ambitious bards exposed their shame
Upon the gibbet of poetic fame,
From the deep shade, with eve's secluded bird,
Thy sweetly-melancholy notes were heard,
Thyself unseen. Thy lessons of delight
The listener charm'd, and "smooth'd the brow of night!"
And now that thou hast past this vale of tears,
In weakness and in weariness of years,
Be this thy eulogy—thy wreath—thy fame—
That shall ensure thee an undying name—
Thou hast not caused one perjurer to betray—
One maid to charge her ruin on thy lay:
No mourning parents curse thy tuneful art,
In hoary hairs, with bitterness of heart:
In thee has vice no servile flatterer found;
From thee Religion ne'er received a wound;
For in thy glowing bosom lived, combined,
All that was tender, dutiful, and kind;
And thy example, simple as thy song,
Our swains shall reverence, and remember long!

Thy poor "Blind Boy" from Pity's eyes shall call,
Warm from their source, the sweetest drops that fall.
Who could not weep with thee, when midnight gave
Thy much-loved father to an early grave *,
And all the village mourn'd the spreading pest
That laid the sufferer in that bed of rest?
A widow'd mother's hopes and cares were thine;
And when her "*Spindle*" † ceased its thread to twine,
The sacred *relic* to thy heart was dear,
Nobly embalm'd in many a filial tear.
Thy "Kate and Richard," garrulous and old,
Of long-enduring constancy have told;
And still thy "Reaper's Song" and "Plowman's Tale"
Shall cheer the rural dwellers of the vale;
In every generous breast thy numbers move
The pulse of unsophisticated love;
And teach to all—friend, parent, husband, wife,—
The dearest charities of social life.
Nor deem'dst thou, when exposed to wanton wrong,
E'en the *mute race* unworthy of thy song.—
Kind-hearted "GILES!" this maxim was of thee,
That—"*Duty's basis is humanity* ‡."

* See Good News from the Farm.

† Lines to his Mother's Spindle.

‡ Farmer's Boy,—Winter, line 107.

When brass shall fail, and marble shall decay,
Live in each feeling heart this golden lay!
While others strew with flow'rs the *poet's* urn,
And in funereal numbers sweetlier mourn,
Be mine the lot thy moral worth to scan,
And sing the virtues that adorn'd the *man*.
To soothe the anguish of a long farewell!
One consolation in the breast shall dwell—
" Bless'd are the merciful!"—this truth confess'd,
Friend! neighbour! bard! thy memory shall be bless'd.

W. HOLLOWAY.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

From Blackwood's Magazine for Sept. 1823.

> Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

SWEET, simple poet, thou art gone!
And shall no parting tear be shed,
By those to whom thy name was known,
Above thy low and lonely bed?
Shall not a pilgrim, lingering by,
Gaze on thy turf, and heave a sigh?

Yes! many, many! for thy heart
Was humble as the violet low,
That, shelter'd in some shady part,
We only by its perfume know;
Yet genius pure, which God had given,
Shone o'er thy path a light from heaven!

'Mid poverty it cheer'd thy lot,
'Mid darkness it illumed thine eyes,
And shed, on earth's most dreary spot,
A glory borrow'd from the skies;
Thine were the shows of earth and air,
Of winter dark and summer fair.

Before thee spread was Nature's book,
And with a bard's enraptured glance,
By thee were seen, in glen and brook,
A limitless inheritance:
Thy ripening boyhood look'd abroad,
And saw how grand was man's abode.

Expanding with thine added days,
Thy feelings ripen'd and refined,
Though none were near thy views to raise,
Or train to fruit the budding mind:
As grows the flower amid the wild,
Such was thy fortune—Nature's child!

No pompous learning—no parade
Of pedantry, and cumbrous lore,
On thy elastic bosom weigh'd;
Instead, were thine a mazy store
Of feelings delicately wrought,
And treasures glean'd by silent thought.

Obscurity, and low-born care,
Labour, and want—all adverse things,
Combined to bow thee to despair;
And of her young untutor'd wings
To rob thy genius.—'Twas in vain:
With one proud soar she burst her chain!

The beauties of the budding spring;
The glories of the summer's reign;
The russet autumn, triumphing
In ripen'd fruits and golden grain;
Winter, with storms around his shrine,
Each, in their turn, were themes of thine,

And lowly life, the peasant's lot,
Its humble hopes and simple joys;
By mountain-stream the shepherd's cot,
And what the rustic hour employs;
White flocks on Nature's carpet spread;
Birds blithely caroling o'er head;

These were thy themes, and thou wert bless'd—
  Yea, bless'd beyond the wealth of kings.—
Calm joy is seated in the breast
  Of the rapt poet as he sings,
And all that Truth or Hope can bring
Of Beauty, gilds the Muse's wing.

And, Bloomfield, thine were blissful days
  (If flowers of bliss may thrive on earth);
Thine were the glory and the praise
  Of genius, link'd with modest worth;
To wisdom wed, remote from strife,
Calmly pass'd o'er thy stormless life.

And thou art dead!—no more, no more
  To charm the land with sylvan strain!
Thy harp is hush'd, thy song is o'er,
  But what is sung shall long remain,
When cold this hand, and lost this verse,
Now hung in reverence on thy hearse!

ON THE DEATH OF BLOOMFIELD,

The Suffolk Poet.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THOU shouldst not to the grave descend
Unmourn'd, unhonour'd, or unsung;—
Could harp of mine record thy end,
For thee that rude harp should be strung;—
And plaintive sounds as ever rung
Should all its simple notes employ,
Lamenting unto old and young
The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S BOY.

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
Like that which gave thee modest fame,
How justly might its every wire
Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim:
And many a stream of humble name,
And village-green, and common wild,
Should witness tears that knew not shame,
By Nature won for Nature's child.

The merry *Horkey's* passing cup
Should pause—when that sad note was heard;

The *Widow* turn *her hour-glass* up,
With tenderest feelings newly stirr'd;
And many a pity-waken'd word,
And sighs that speak when language fails,
Should prove thy simple strains preferr'd
To prouder poet's lofty tales.

Circling the *old oak table* round,
Whose moral worth thy measure owns,
Heroes and heroines yet are found
Like *Abner* and the *Widow Jones;*—
There *Gilbert Meldrum*'s sterner tones
In Virtue's cause are bold and free;
And e'en the patient suff'rer's moans,
In pain and sorrow—plead for thee.

Nor thus beneath the straw-roofed cot
Alone—should thoughts of thee pervade
Hearts which confess thee unforgot,
On heathy hill, in grassy glade;
In many a spot by thee array'd
With hues of thought, with fancy's gleam,
Thy memory lives!—in *Euston*'s shade,
By *Barnham Water*'s shadeless stream!

And long may guileless hearts preserve
Thy memory, and its tablets be:

While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free;
While Childhood's innocence and glee
With green Old Age enjoyment share;—
Richards and *Kates* shall tell of thee,
Walters and *Janes* thy name declare.

On themes like these, if yet there breathed
A Doric Lay so sweet as thine,
Might artless flowers of verse be wreathed
Around thy modest name to twine:
And though nor lute nor lyre be mine
To bid thy minstrel honours live,
The praise my numbers can assign
It still is soothing thus to give.

There needs, in truth, no lofty lyre
To yield thy Muse her homage due;
The praise her loveliest charms inspire
Should be as artless, simple too;
Her eulogist should keep in view
Thy meek and unassuming worth,
And inspiration should renew
At springs which gave thine own its birth

Those springs may boast no classic name
To win the smile of letter'd pride,

Yet is their noblest charm the same
As that by *Castaly* supplied;
From *Aganippe*'s crystal tide
No brighter, fairer waves can start,
Than Nature's quiet teachings guide
From Feeling's fountain o'er the heart.

'Tis to THE HEART Song's noblest power—
Taste's purest precepts must refer;
And *Nature*'s *tact*, not *Art*'s proud dower,
Remains its best interpreter:
He who shall trust, without demur,
What his own better feelings teach,
Although unlearn'd, shall seldom err,
But to the hearts of others reach.

It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its power unletter'd minds to sway;
It is not these that most display
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest thrall,—
Words, phrases, fashions, pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre
Its truest and its tenderest spell;

These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honour'd name to dwell:
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproach'd thee not.

How wise, how noble, was thy choice
To be the Bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And soothe with sympathy their pains;
To paint with feeling in thy strains
The themes their thoughts and tongues discuss,
And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste Theocritus.

For this should Suffolk proudly own
Her grateful and her lasting debt;—
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care and keen regret,—
Thoughts which the fever'd spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to bear;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her poet's grateful prayer.

'Tis NOW TOO LATE! the scene is closed,
Thy conflicts borne—thy trials o'er;—

And in the peaceful grave reposed
That frame which pain shall rack no more:—
Peace to the Bard whose artless store
Was spread for Nature's humblest child;
Whose song, well meet for peasant lore,
Was lowly, simple, undefiled.

Yet long may guileless hearts preserve
The memory of thy Verse, and thee:—
While Nature's healthful feelings nerve
The arm of labour toiling free,
While SUFFOLK PEASANTRY may be
Such as thy sweetest tales make known,—
By cottage-hearth, by greenwood tree,
Be BLOOMFIELD call'd, with pride, *their own!*

TO MISS H. BLOOMFIELD.

Sheffield, May 7, 1824.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM exceedingly grieved to learn from your letter the distressing circumstances of your family. I scarcely knew your amiable and excellent father except as a poet. I once saw him at the Shepherd and Shepherdess, in London, and bespoke an Eolian Harp of him.

In a periodical work, in the year 1811, I published an article on your father's poetry, of which the following is an extract, and you are welcome to make any use you please of it, as containing my real sentiments then—which are my real sentiments now. If the work which you mention to be in contemplation is to be published for the benefit of your family, I shall be glad to render any little help I can in recommending it here.

I am very truly
Your friend,
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"The poetry of Robert Bloomfield is peculiarly pleasing; because it presents images and pictures both of living and inanimate nature, which every eye recognizes at first view, and which often occasion not only an emotion of delight at finding them in verse, but of surprise, that although they were perfectly familiar to us, the originals themselves never touched us so exquisitely before as the poet's representation of them does now. Of this kind are the minute and lively notices of the insects in the grass, the flight of the skylark, the nocturnal thunder-storm, the swine alarmed by wild ducks, and many others; in which the sim-

plest circumstances strike the mind with all the effect of novelty. In sentiment, we find little beyond common-place moralizing, which, after all, is the most permanently affecting when plainly and fervently enforced, as we frequently meet with it in the Farmer's Boy; not to mention that ordinary feelings and reflections are the best; nay, the only proper ones, which the scenes and situations are calculated to excite in such actors or sufferers as are introduced by this writer. It is also the great excellence and advantage of Robert Bloomfield, that he always paints from his own eye, and writes from his own heart. His personages are all real, not imaginary; they are of the same class in life with himself, and have, if we may so express it, the same sensorium of knowledge and observation. Of most poets the very reverse must be said,—not in their disparagement, but as matter of fact. They seldom portray their friends and companions, express their own unsophisticated feelings, or exhibit the scenery of their particular neighbourhood, as endeared to their remembrance from infancy to youth. Kings and heroes, men with whom they never conversed, except in books,—foreign lands and foreign manners, which they never saw, are the favourite themes of those who, in their reveries, create an ideal world, and people it with beings which they

can only conceive to have existed in fancied regions under fabled circumstances. Truth, plain truth, —nature, undisfigured nature, are the perpetual objects of desire, pursuit, and admiration in Robert Bloomfield's poems.

> 'I would not, for a world of gold,
> That Nature's lovely face should tire,'

is the honest exclamation of our rustic bard, in a beautiful little poem, entitled '*Love of the Country,*' and published in his volume of Wild Flowers; it might be the *motto* of all his works. We need only add, that his versification is, on the whole, easy and agreeable; though less so in his lyrical stanzas than in the heroic couplets. In his Rural Tales the author has happily succeeded in an attempt to render the loves and joys, the sports and manners of English peasants interesting. Before him we do not recollect any poet, who by a serious unaffected delineation of humble life, as it actually exists in our own country, had awakened a strong sympathy in persons more fortunately circumstanced towards the lowest class of the community. In Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* much entertainment is afforded, and compassion excited, by the inimitable skill of the poet in displaying the characters, pastimes, and injuries of the inhabitants of his favourite Auburn: but still the reader con-

descends to be pleased or to pity;—there is little of fellow-feeling in the case. Gay and others, who have pretended to celebrate rural swains and maidens, have always degraded them by a mixture of the ludicrous with the true, to give spirit to their delineations; thereby rendering what might have been natural and affecting grotesque and amusing. '*Richard and Kate*,' '*Walter and Jane*,' and the '*Miller's Maid*,' therefore, are unique and original poems, which, by representing them as they really are, have rescued the English peasantry from unmerited reproach; and raised them to an equality with their Scottish neighbours; whose character, in verse at least, is associated with all that is romantic in love, or delightful in song."

EPITAPHS

ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

BENEATH this humble turf HIS ashes rest,
The Farmer's Boy! who sung of hill and plain;—
Nature's own bard! and if with freedom blest,
His spirit revels in the fields again.

S. W.

Shefford, June 15, 1824.

THOUGH praised and loved, yet humble as the dust,
Mild as the ev'ning—not more mild than just,
Here rest his ashes, free from mortal strife,
And find that quiet he so loved in life.

T. INSKIP.

Shefford, June 15, 1824.

RUMINATION OVER AN EOLIAN HARP*,

Made by the late Author of the Farmer's Boy.

LYRE of the winds! as free from studied art
As *he* who fashion'd thus thy vocal form;
In many a sadly sweet and fitful start
Breathe now thy moanings; for *his* heart so warm
With Nature's sympathies; his eye so train'd
To love of rural beauty, and his mind
So form'd to relish with a zest unfeign'd
The moral worth of man; are all consign'd
To the dank valley's clod. Yet is there trust
That life's quench'd spark with purer flame will burn:

* This was the second or third he constructed, and is made in the simplest manner.

For when the mouldering flesh returns to dust,
The spirit to its Maker doth return.
Bloomfield! may thine have done so, freed from sin
By Him who gives new life, if rightly trusted in.

T. PARK.

Oct. 1823.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

IN consequence of the long illness of the late MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, the family of that amiable man is left in distress. The object of the following Subscription is to afford them permanent relief by a small annuity. Donations will be thankfully received at Mr. Murray's, Albemarle-street; Messrs. Longman and Co.'s, and Messrs. Baldwin and Co.'s, Paternoster-row; and also at Messrs. Rogers, Towgood and Co.'s, bankers, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, London. Also by Mr. Thomas Inskip, Shefford, Bedfordshire; by Messrs. Washbourn, and Co. booksellers, Gloucester; by Messrs. Cramp and Kirkby, printers, Canterbury; and by Messrs. Oakes and Co. and by Messrs. Sparrow and Co. bankers, Bury St. Edmund's.

Respectable persons in the principal towns who would take the trouble of receiving Subscriptions, and remitting them, together with a list of the subscription, about the end of every month, to Messrs. Rogers and Co. bankers (as above), might render essential service to the Family. A list of subscribers will appear in the Morning Herald the first week in every month.

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The Family of Robert Bloomfield beg leave to return their grateful thanks for the foregoing liberal donations, and for all kindnesses received from their friends in general.

Prospectus.

BLOOMFIELD'S SONGS.

THE Songs of the late MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD are justly esteemed for the purity of their sentiment and the beauty of their poetry. No poet displays the influence of the "tender passion" with more feeling, and very few treat the amiable objects of it with so much delicacy and respect;—on this account he has always been a favourite with that sex, whose approving smile he valued as his best reward.

To render his poetry still more worthy of their patronage, and if possible more available to the wants of his widow and family, it is proposed to publish by Subscription a Collection of his best Songs, set to Music, some by himself, some by his brother Isaac, and some by celebrated living composers.

The Selection to consist of Twenty-four at least, of his best Songs, printed in folio; price 20*s*.

A few Songs are here presented as a specimen of the ability of the Composers; we have the promised aid of others, highly celebrated, should the design obtain sufficient patronage.

As soon as 100 copies are subscribed for, the Se-

lection will be printed by Messrs. Goulding and Co. Soho Square, London, who will receive Subscriptions.

The following are the Songs from which the Selection will be made.

Songs.	Published in	Composed by
The Highland Drover	Rural Tales	Rob. Bloomfield, also by Isaac Bloomfield.
Jenner's Birth-day	The Remains	Robert Bloomfield.
Nancy	Rural Tales	Isaac Bloomfield.
Rosy Hannah	Rural Tales	Ditto.
Hunting Song	Rural Tales	Ditto.
Lucy	Rural Tales	Ditto.
Winter Song	Rural Tales	Ditto.
Woodland Halloo	Wild Flowers	Miss Nina d'Aubigny.
The Maid of Landoga	Banks of Wye	Mr. Evans.
Dawn of the Day	The Remains	Ditto.
Flowers of the Mead	The Remains	Ditto.
Lovely Shelah	The Remains	
Donald	Hazelwood Hall	
Irish Duck Woman	The Remains	
Soldier's Lullaby	The Remains	
Love in a Shower	Hazelwood Hall	Mr. Firth.
Irish News	The Remains	Yorkshiren an.
Welcome Silence!	Wild Flowers	
Gleaner's Song	Banks of Wye	
Morris of Persfield	Banks of Wye	
Mary's Grave	Banks of Wye	
Rosamond's Song	May-Day	
Maid of Dunstable	The Remains	
The Soldier's Return	The Remains	
Eolian Harp	The Remains	
Simple Pleasures	Hazelwood Hall	
The Man in the Moon	The Remains	Ligoram Cosh.
Æolus	The Remains	
Yield thee to pleasure	The Remains	
Norah	The Remains	
Farewell, my sweet, my budding Flower	The Remains	
Kentish Mary	The Remains	

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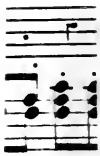
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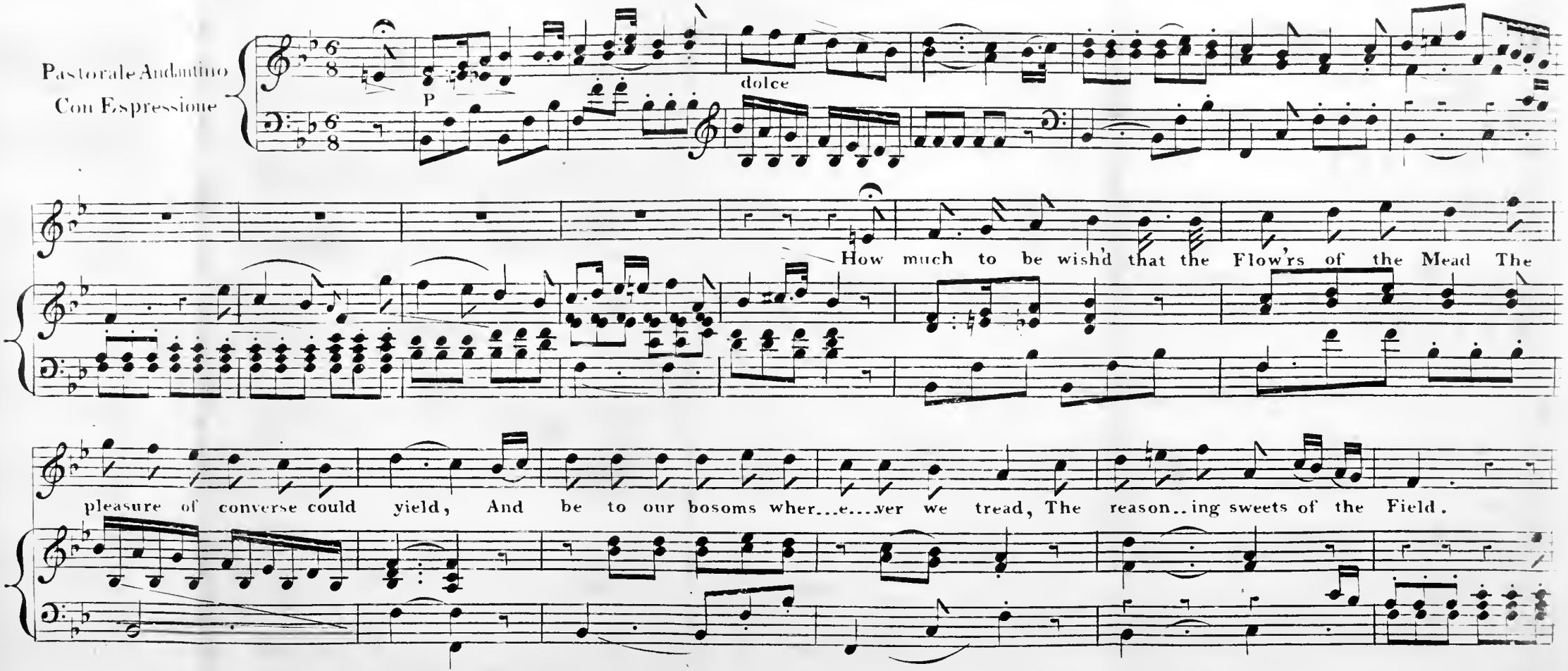
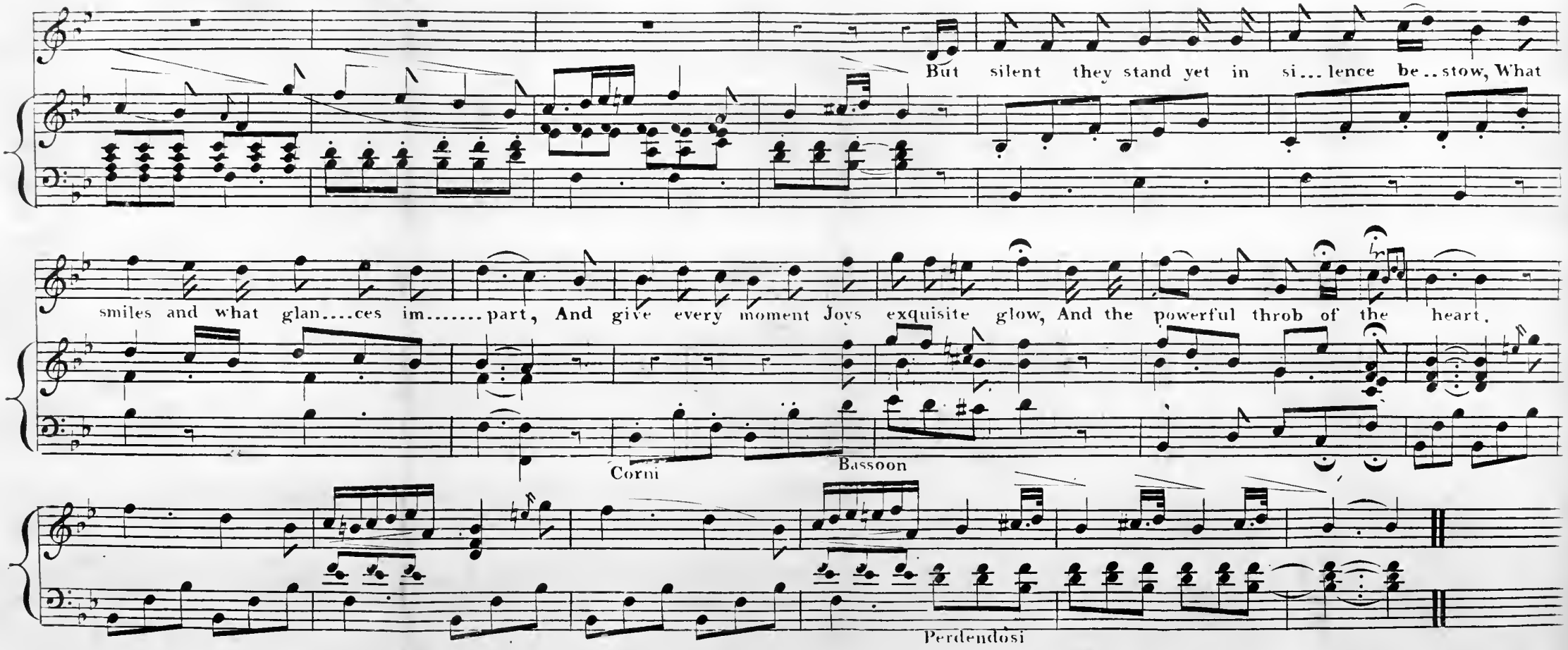
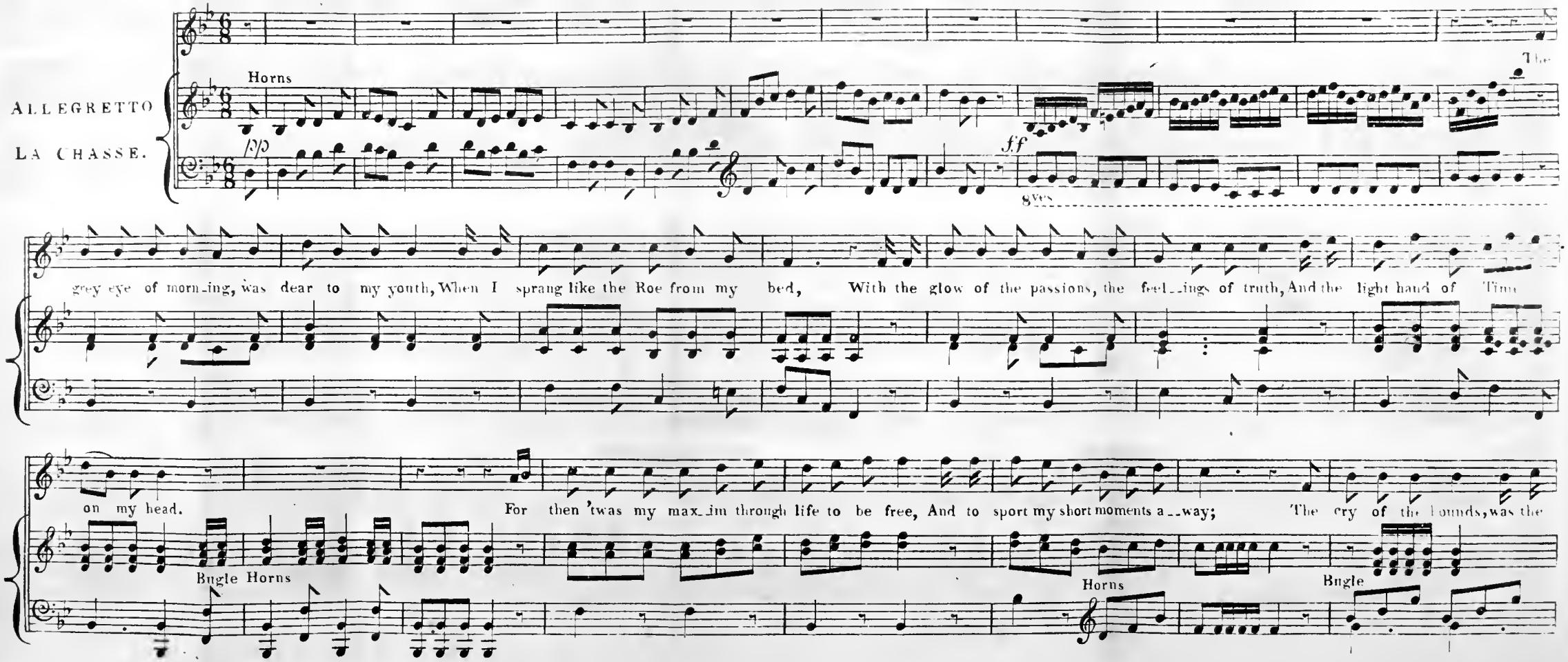
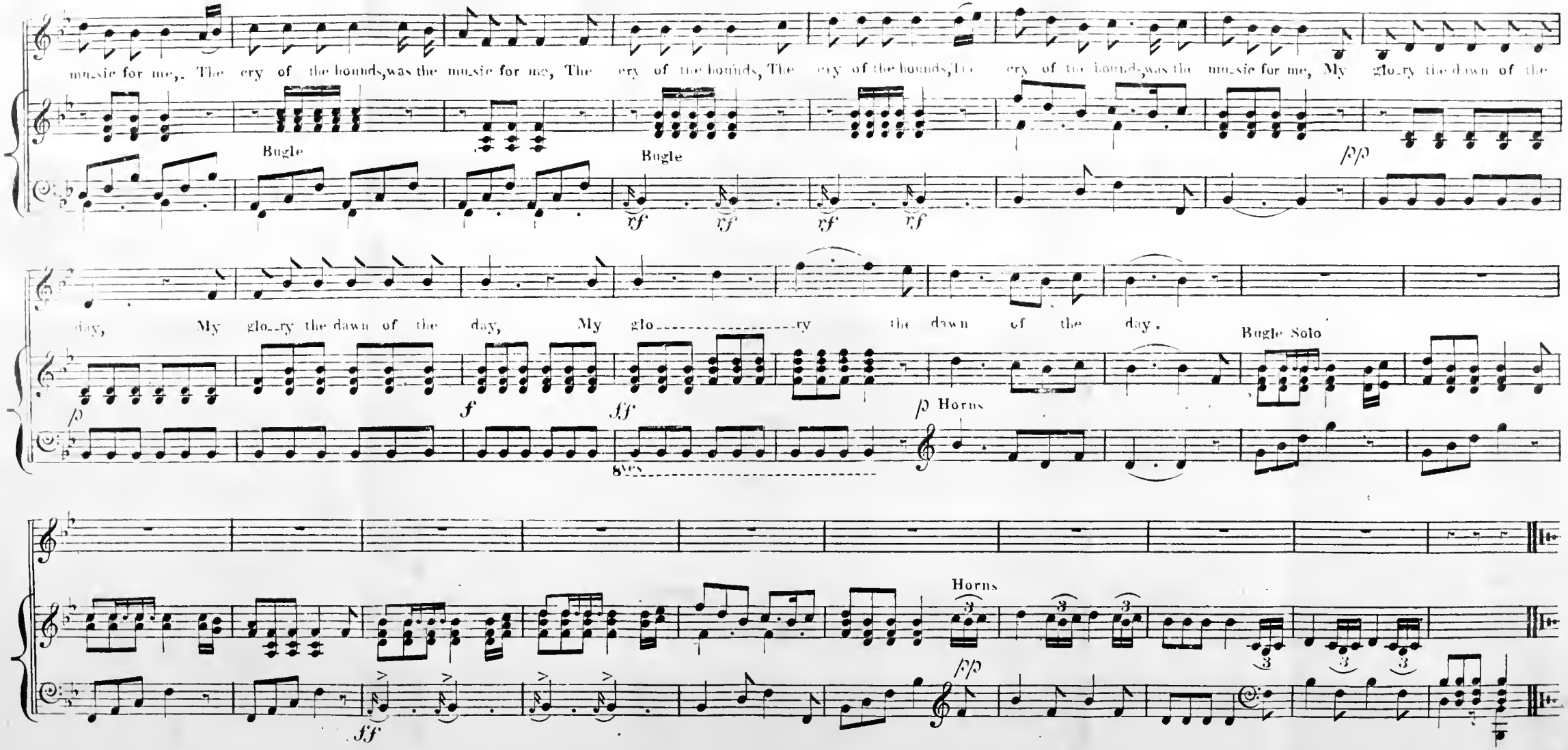
THE FLOWERS OF THE MEAD.

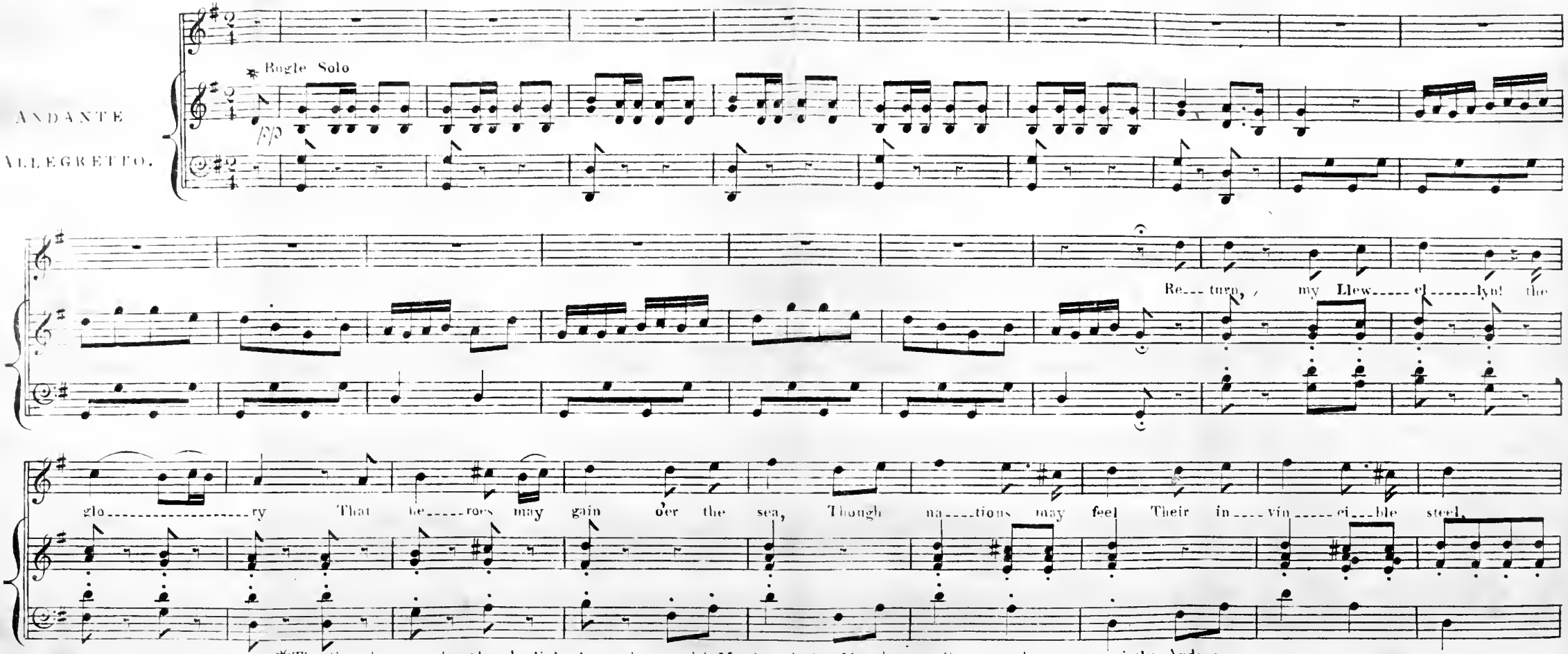
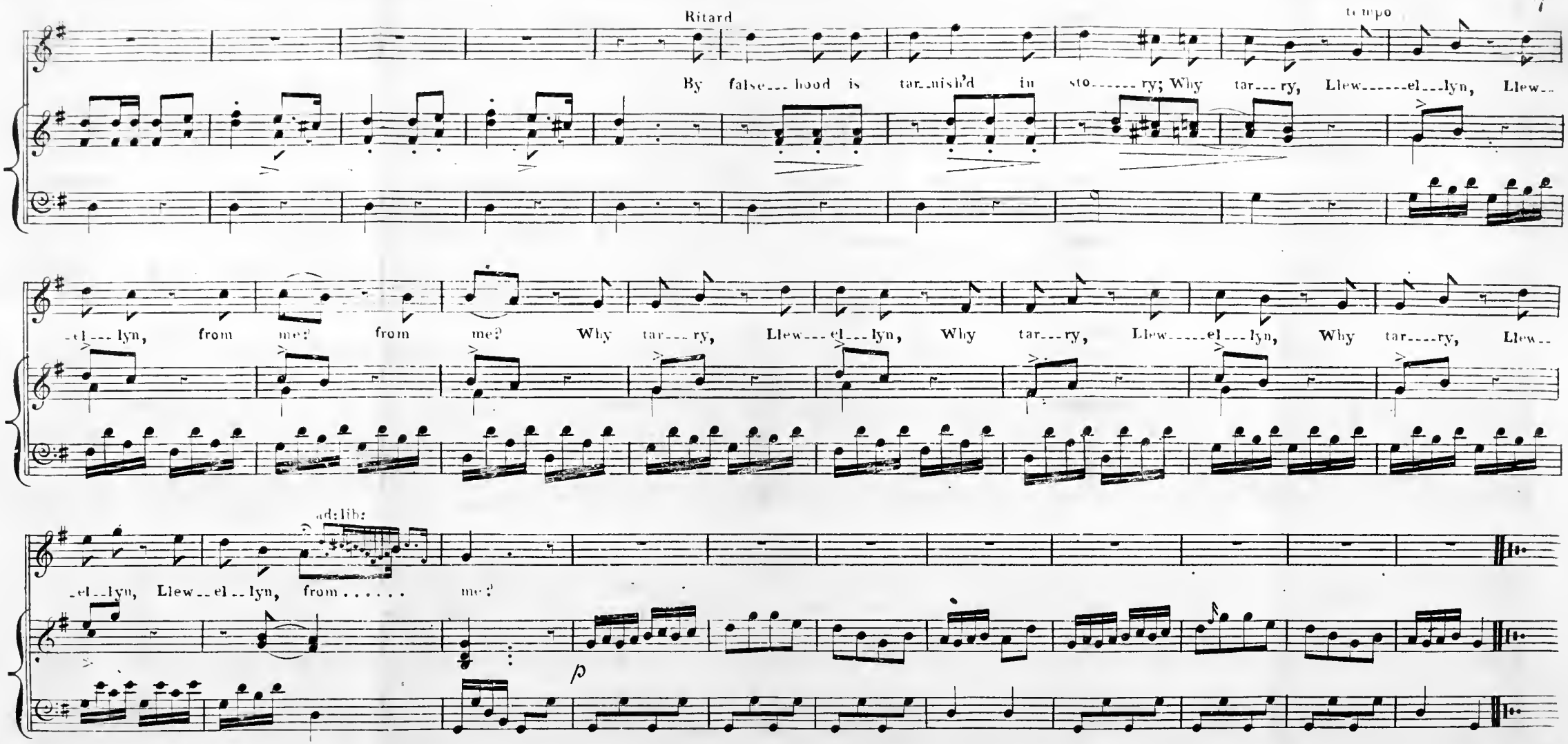
Composed by R. V. Evans June 23 1814

But silent they stand yet in si... lence be..stow, What
smiles and what glan....ces im.....part, And give every moment Joys exquisite glow, And the powerful throb of the heart.
Corni
Bassoon
Perdendosi

THE DAWNING OF DAY.

Composed June 30th 1824, by R. W. Evans.

music for me, The cry of the hounds, was the music for me, The cry of the hounds, The cry of the hounds, The cry of the hounds, was the music for me, My glory the dawn of the
Bugle
Bugle
pp
day, My glory the dawn of the day, My glo ry the dawn of the day.
Bugle Solo
p
f
ff
8ves
p Horns
Horns
pp
ff

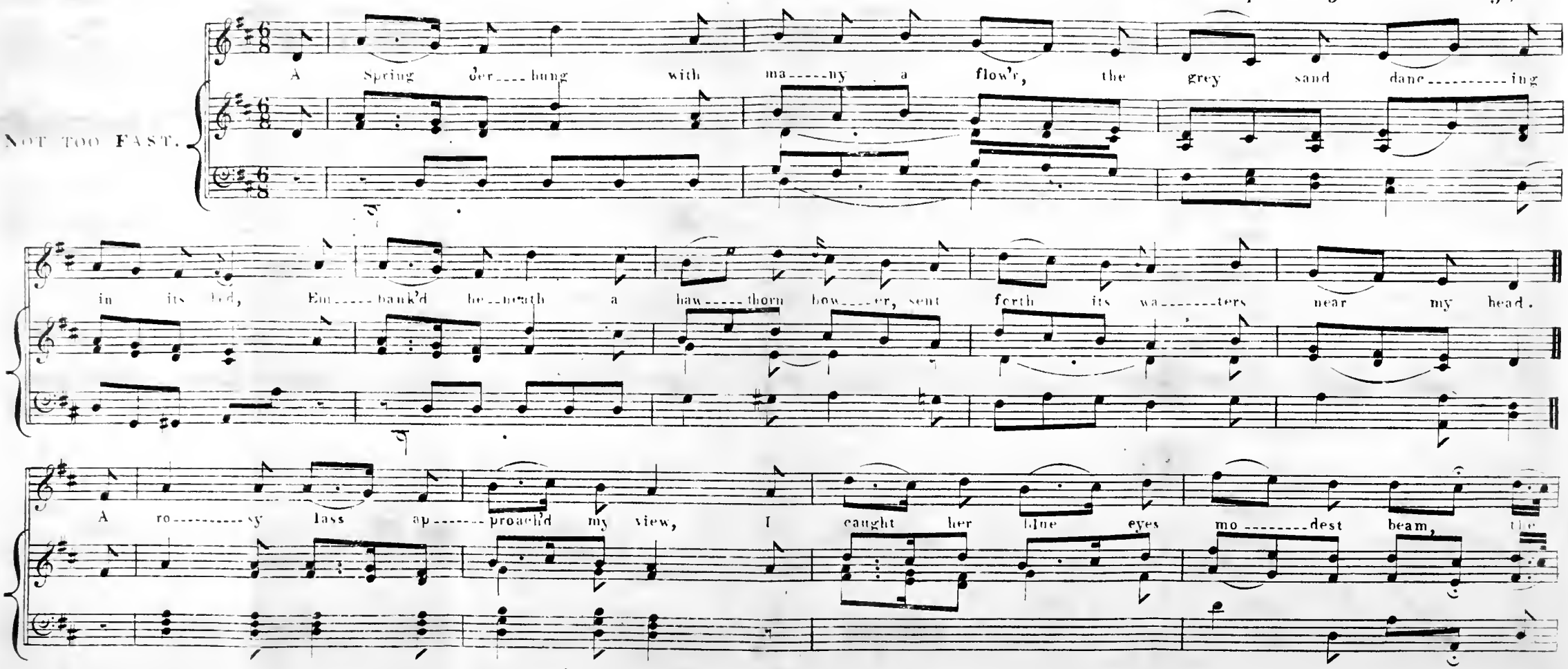
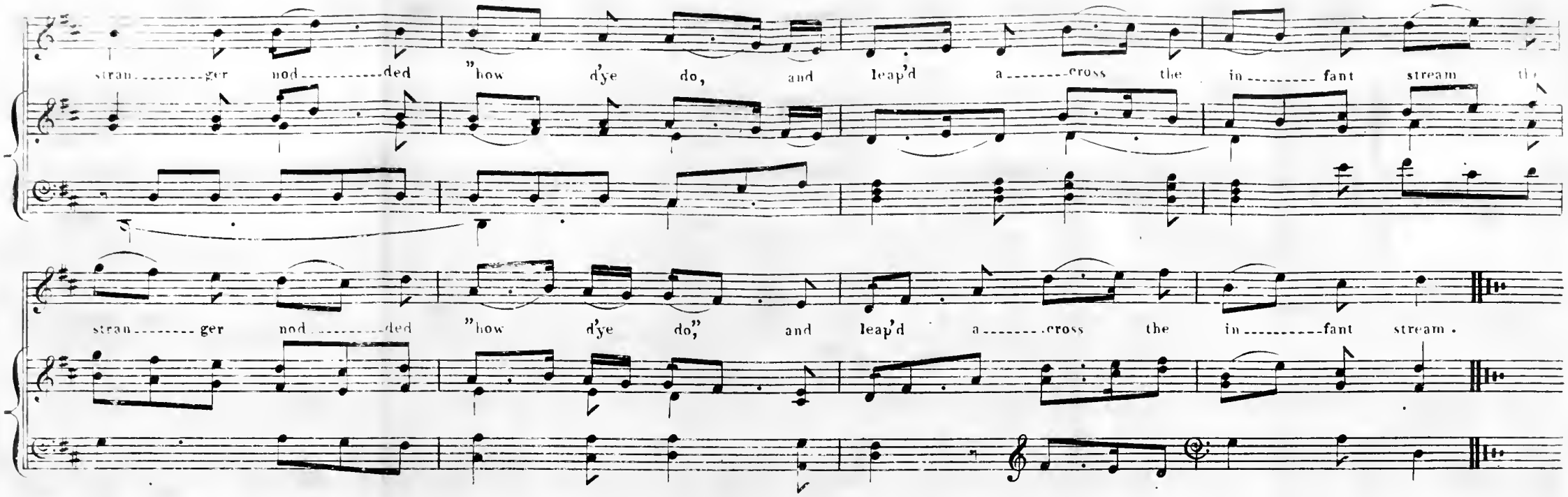
THE MAID OF LANDOGA.

From Mr. Bloomfield's Banks of Wye.

Composed June 29th 1824, by R. W. Evans.

*The Symphony to be played a little slower than a quick March, and the Melody or Song to be sung strictly Andante.

Ritard
tempo
By false___hood is tar_nish'd in sto_____ry; Why tar___ry, Llew_____el___lyn, Llew__
_el___lyn, from me? from me? Why tar___ry, Llew___el___lyn, Why tar___ry, Llew_____el___lyn, Why tar____ry, Llew__
ad:lib:
_el__lyn, Llew__el__lyn, from . . . . . me?
p

ROSY HANNAH.

From Mr Bloomfield's Rural Tales.

Composed by Isaac Bloomfield.

—2—

The water heedless pass'd away,
With me her glowing Image stay'd;
I strove from that auspicious day
To meet and bless the lovely Maid:
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Match'd HANNAH'S cheek of rosy hue.

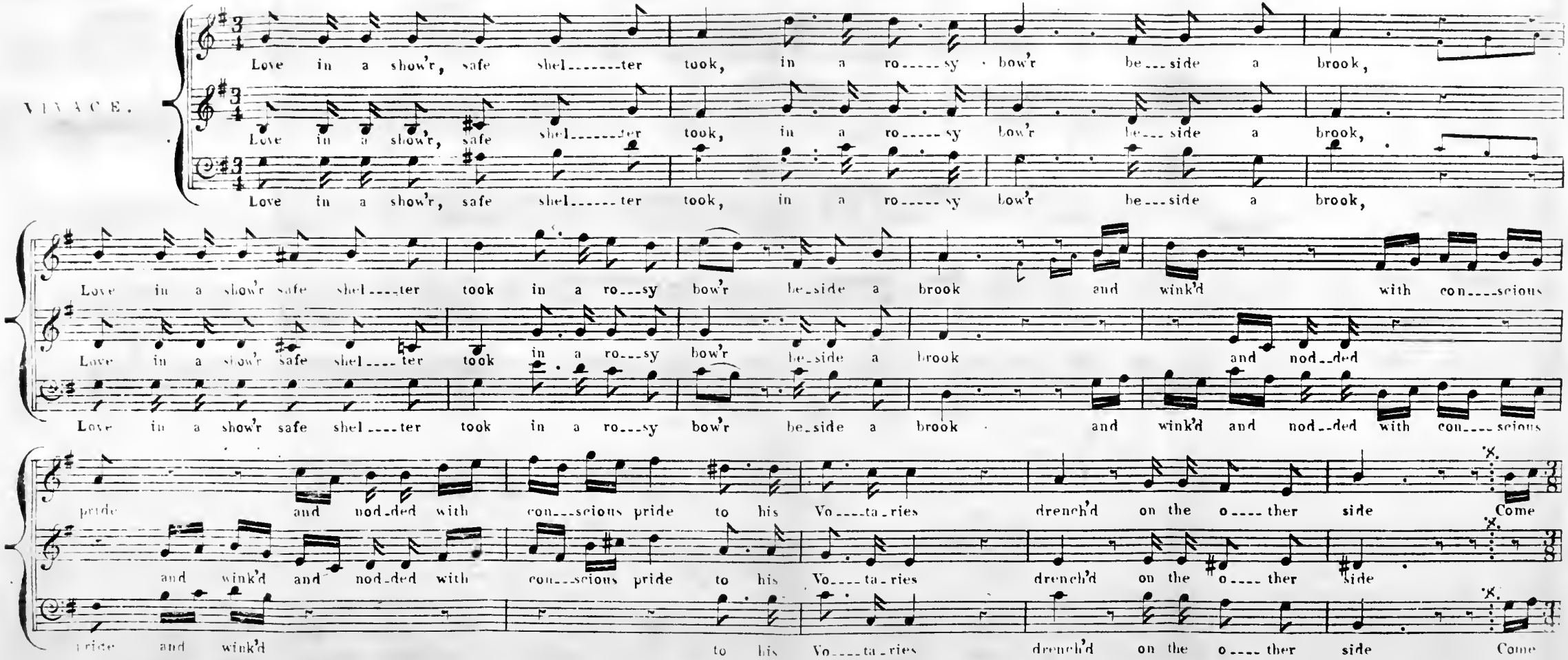
—3—

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale Moon rising gave
New glories to her clouded train
From her sweet cot upon the moor
Our plighted vows to Heav'n are flown,
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy HANNAH is my own.

Engraved by T.C.BATES,6, Ludgate Hill.

LOVE IN A SHOWER.

R. A. Firth.

VIVACE.

AMOROSO.

hi---ther sweet maids, there's a bridge be------low, there's a bridge be-----low, and the

Come hi---ther sweet maids, there's a bridge be------low, there's a bridge be------low, and the

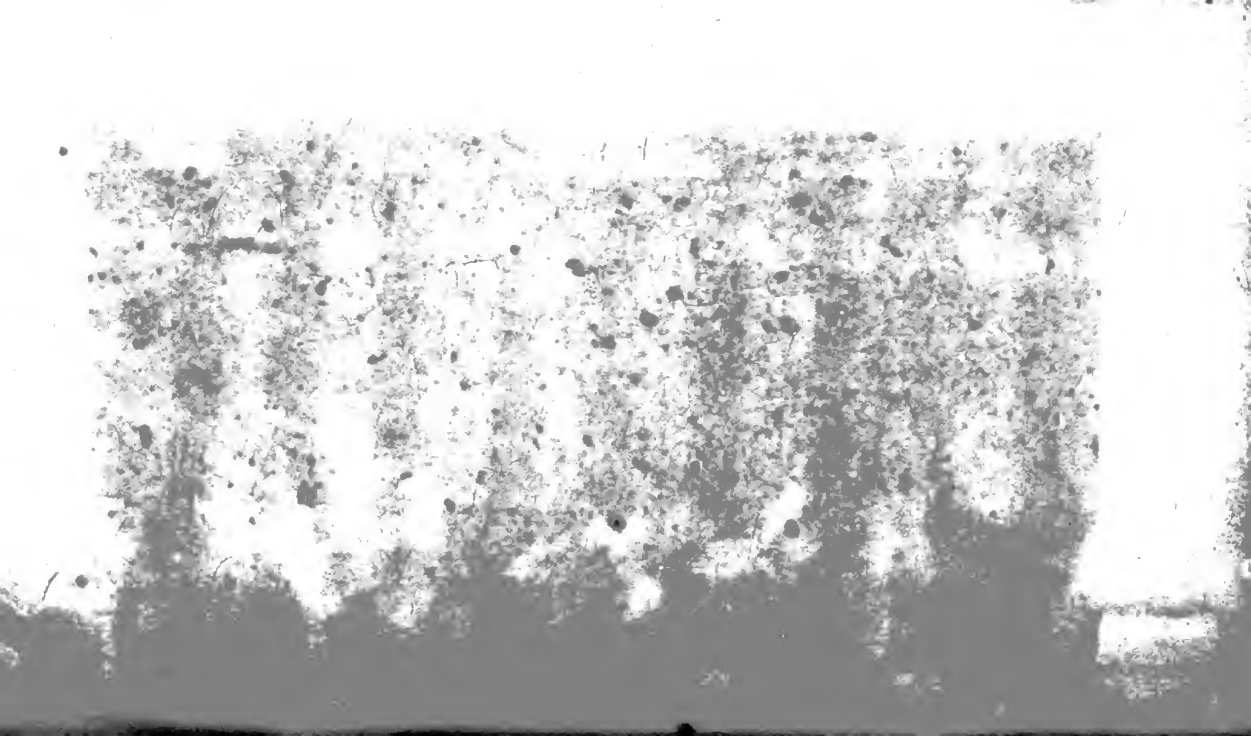
hi---ther sweet maids, Come hi---ther sweet maids, there's a bridge be------low, there's a bridge he------low, and the

toll---keep----er Hy--------men will let you through, Come o-----ver the stream come o----ver to

toll---keep----er Hy--------men will let you through, Come o-----ver the stream come o----ver to

toll---keep----er Hy--------men will let you through, Come o-----ver the stream come o----ver to

me, the toll--keep---er Hy---men will let you through, will let you through.

me, the toll--keep---er Hy---men will let you through, will let you through.

me, the toll--keep---er Hy---men will let you through, will let you through.